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On the Uncertainty of Worldly Enjoyments.

'Tis the heart that is pure, I most love and admire,
The countenance ever serene;
Attun'd to the twilling of charity's lyre,
And which dissipates sorrow and spleen.

When misfortune and poverty darken the brow,
Of the virtuous and sensitive mind,
Should the bosom of sympathy comfort bestow,
The feelings, how pure and refined.

Alas! to mankind, what can riches bestow?
Can they happiness ever impart—
To soften the painful reflections of woe,
Or banish distress from the heart?

Could riches, and honours, or noble descent,
Bring comfort, wherever they fall,
Could these add a drop, to the cup of content—
I'd gladly partake of them all.

E'en the charms of the face, may occasion a sigh,
And the costly allurements of art,
May yield a short respite of joy to the eye,
But can give no delight to the heart.

On riches, for happiness, never depend,
'Tis a ball that will quickly roll by,
While riches exist, they may gain you a friend,
But from *poverty*, soon they will fly. AGNES.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

MY FIRST INTRODUCTION TO A COQUETTE.

BY A BACHELOR.

It was, in the winter of 18— that at a large party given by Miss L. a charming girl of seventeen, whose circle of acquaintance was very extensive, that I had for the first time the pleasure of seeing that queen of coquettes, Miss S. To give a minute description of this lady, would be an undertaking altogether beyond the reach of my pen, suffice it that she was a lovely looking girl, of about nineteen, with a figure of splendid proportions, large swimming eyes, which she managed with surprising address—I supposed in consequence of undergoing an untiring course of training—a mouth that *appeared* rather large from its being continually on the stretch, a neck and shoulders of charming "*tournour*," whose beauties were displayed to perfection by a dress cut *remarkably* low in the shoulders and bosom—and an arm of perfect symmetry. My attention was first directed to this lady by the loudness of her voice, the apparent freedom of her actions and remarks—her splendid dress of orange satin striped silk, and the train of admiring beaux who were continually closing round her at every halt, which the fickle being thought proper to make in her migrations from one room to another. I watched the actions of this mercurial creature for some time before I was aware that I in my turn was the object of attention from Miss —— the patroness of the evening. "Really Mr. ——," said she coming up to me with a knowing smile, "you appear to be quite taken in a certain direction, allow me to introduce you," at the same time slipping her arm within mine and bearing me off in triumph, to sacrifice me upon the altar of this Goddess of flirts. I shall not pretend to describe my feelings at that critical moment, to be conscious that I was about to encounter the gaze of a pair of eyes, whose single glance of indifference or scorn was my fiat for the evening; whose smile seated me on the throne of importance—to know that I was approaching a bona fide coquette. What *shall* I say to her, thought I, as I was being led along—"Gentlemen, allow me"—said my charming little conductor, as she glided gracefully through the double row of gallants who surrounded Miss —— and still retained her hold of my arm; "Miss S. permit me to make you acquainted with Mr. ——" at the same time slipping herself from me, and making off as if she dreaded to be a witness to the *effects* of the introduction.

The conversation which Miss S. was holding in a particularly loud key to some half dozen young fellows was now suddenly checked—she put on one of her *killing smiles* and dropped me a courtsey which despite the awful silence, I found means to answer by a profound bow and a request that I might be honoured with her hand in the next cotillion which was about forming. "I'm engaged the *first* set," said she, dropping her head on one side and drawling the last word to a captivating length. "Allow me the second set, Miss," which she assented to with a courtsey and another *killer*, and before I had time to thank her, she resumed the conversation, which I had been the means of interrupting, in the same key as before, and allowed me an opportunity to retire, which shame to my gallantry, I gladly accepted, and made good my retreat.

As I did not dance in the first set of cotillions I had an opportunity of watching without interruption the actions of this "*fickle* one," and *must* own that I did *not* envy her partner, his *pleasure* in dancing with her, as she appeared to take no notice of him whatever, but was still absorbed in conversation with the same squad of young men who continued to surround her, without regard to the dance. At one time she would recollect that she was standing up for the purpose of dancing, and as the thought struck her she would turn short round from her admirers (it is here proper to remark that the rules of etiquette were delightfully overlooked by this privileged fair-one, for she turned her back upon the rest of the dancers with admirable "*non chalance*") and without a single thought as to whether it was her turn or not—strike out into the middle of the cotillion and very frequently between the sets, and when she perceived her mistake—Heavens what an expression of face, how she would raise her beautiful brow, part her luscious lips in elegant surprise, hitch up those charming shoulders and dart into her stand as if to bury her disappointment amid the smiles of her followers.

The first set had ended, and a tall young man now made his appearance, a pompous looking fellow, with a black vest buttoned to the chin, a black cravat and bows and no shirt collar. He approached the coquette, was recognised, smiled upon, captivated, and in a moment was at her side to swell the list of her trophies. The music for a second set had now commenced, I hurried through the throng to secure my partner and a place, when what should I see but my partner, the identical Miss S., being led away by black cravat and no collar. Its all settled thought I, there's no use in expostulating, and I confess my pride would not permit it, so I made up my mind to take no notice of decidedly the most consummate flirt in the world, for the rest of the evening, but to pass her by without so much as a look of recognition. The second set was finished and again was Miss S. surrounded by a set of danglers all equally anxious to be seen and talked to; when just as I was passing her, she got sight of me, and broke short her important discourse, with—"I'm engaged to *you* next set you k-n-o-w"—drawling the last word of the sentence again with downright affectation; though I *knew* no such thing, still I assented, for what *gentleman* could have backed out when *such* an appeal was made and by so fair a being? Yes I assented by replying that I believed I had that honor. Heaven forgive me for that same. The music struck up, and before we could secure a place every cotillion was doubled; here was a quandary—what was to be done, I knew not, unless indeed we sat down, and contented ourselves with looking on, which proposal I had the temerity to hint, and as I conceived in the most delicate manner possible. I missed it though. "Sit down did you say," cried she, looking at me in utter astonishment and considerable contempt! "*sit down!*" "come with me," taking me under *her* escort while *she* looked for a vacancy *I* knew was not to be found—"we'll get a place." "This place is taken sir," said my partner with a most bewitching smile and a courtsey, to a gentleman who with his partner had already been occupying the place for some time; but the smile would not go down with him and the gentleman actually had the hardihood to *believe* that his lady and himself had occupied their present situation for some time, "Not at all," said Miss —— "I assure you this place is taken," "is it not?" addressing me with a pleading look, which I was forced to understand and assent to. God forgive me, but the gentleman would'nt budge. Miss S. gave him a look of ineffable contempt and away she flew still dragging me after her as a new idea struck her, and she forced her way through the cotillions with the eyes of all the company on us. I was somewhat given to modesty at that time of my life, and felt awfully situated, but no get off. "Here's a splendid place," cried she, as we took a stand in the hall, with another couple opposite us. We danced for one minute and a quarter, when off she bounced again, having me still in the drag, and elbowing the dancers till we reached the communicating doors, "*Vi et armis*," which were slid in and left an unoccupied space about large enough to admit a clever sized poodle, where's a lovely place," cried she to the couple who had shared our half cotillion in the hall, "Here's a charming place, come quick," and such dancing as we had—such crushing of sleeves, such sideling and squeezing, such dropping of side-combs and such flapping of fans—Phew—excuse me reader, but really it makes my pen perspire while writing it. "I was'nt engaged to you *this* set, but the next" said Miss S., to me very confidentially, and giving me a look which doubtless went to my heart, "but I think its such an *honor* to dance with you"—a low bow from me, but not one word in reply, "I do despise W—— so"—continued she, "I can't abide him, and I have to dance with him next set,—he was engaged to me *this* set, but you know I'd rather dance with you." Here she *did* look *handsome* with her head inclined to one side, her eyes on the floor and pulling with one hand a white kid glove upon the other—said glove being already stretched to the last degree of tension, but it looked *so* modest—ha! ha!—I made another bow to this, how could I do less? but not a word in reply; the cotillion before and the no collar gentleman stuck in my throat. "Allow me Miss, to raise your dress," said a married lady behind us who had been watching the coquette for sometime, "it really must distress you—allow me to raise it on your shoulders." I took a sly side glance at Miss S. and saw her face was the colour of a damask rose, as the lady very kindly drew up her dress till it suited her more fastidious taste, [illegible] however, than with a scornful toss of the head and her beautiful nose unequivocally *turned up*, Miss S——, thanked her, and hitch, hitch—up slipt the lovely alabaster shoulders again and down went the dress to its former station—she's a rare one thought I as I led her—no, as *she* led *me* to her seat.

MY FIRST DUEL.

"This is an awkward affair, Frank."

"Why, yes," said Frank, "*it is* an awkward affair."

"But I suppose I must go through with it," I continued.

"No doubt," rejoined my friend; "and you may rest assured, that although the anticipation is not very agreeable, you'll find the thing a mere bagatelle when on the ground."

"You'll take care to have every thing ready, and to call me betimes; will you, Frank?"

"Certainly, my dear Ephraim, rely upon me; and now, as it is already twelve, and we have to go out at six, perhaps I had better wish you good night, that you may rest and have a steady hand in the morning. Before I go, however, there is one thing I wish to mention to you."

"And what is that?" said I.

"Why," replied Frank, hesitatingly, "it is hardly worth troubling you about; but the fact is, there is a custom—that is, people have on these occasions a sort of habit of making their—their——"

"Their exit, I presume you mean?"

"Not so, my dear fellow, nothing was farther from my thoughts, as I hope (with God's will) nothing is farther from fact than the probability of such a catastrophe to the present——"

"Farce; but come, Frank, what is this that you would require of me, or enjoin me to?"

"Briefly, then, Ephraim, might it not be as well now as at any other time, just for form's sake, to scratch down a memorandum of your wishes respecting the disposal of your property?"

"Oh Lord!" said I, "is that the mouse your mountain laboured with? My property! God forgive you, Frank! Well, as Tom Moore says—

"I give thee all; I can no more."

I will bequeath you my debts, with a proviso that you don't pay interest; but seriously, I'll think of what you say; and now, good night; and for Heaven's sake be punctual in the morning!"

"Never fear that. Good night," said Frank; "and do you hear, Ephraim? you may take a pint of Madeira, if you have an inclination to it, to-night; but not a drop of port, sherry or brandy. I must have you placed with a cool head, clear eye, and a steady fist."

"Very well," said I, "I promise you to be observant of your orders;" and after once more exchanging greetings, the door closed, and I was left to myself.

"Well," said I, when I found myself alone, "this is a very delightful sort of dilemma to be placed in. If I loved the girl, there would be some satisfaction in standing up to be shot at for her; but to be blazed away at for a wench that I don't care a curse for—to be compelled to fight for mere flirtation—is certainly, at the least, very disagreeable. However, I suppose I must let the fellow have a brush at me, and so there's no more to be said on that head. By-the-by, Frank, hinted (with prophetic foresight, I presume) at the necessity of my disposing in writing of my moveables. *Allons donc*, let me see.—First, there is my linen and my clothes; let poor Betty have them, to recompense her in part for the colds she has caught in letting me in many a morning; the chances are, she'll catch no more on that errand. My coins and medals may be given to C. Then there are my books, and chief of them all, sinner as I am, my Bible, if I dare name it with the purpose of blood upon my mind. I charge you, Frank, deliver it yourself to my dear and widowed mother; tell her I revered its precepts, although I lacked the strength of mind that should have made me hold them fast and follow them; and, above all, never, never crush her bowed, and bruised, and lowly spirit with the truth of all the weakness, the folly, the impiety, that will mingle in my end! Tell her I fell by sword, plague, pestilence, or famine; but tell her not I fell at a task my common sense—my heart—my soul, which owns its divine origin—revolts from!—tell her not I fell as a duellist—Down, down my heart! the world must be worshipped. My other books may be divided between —— and —— and ——, except my series of Ana, my Hogarth, and Viel's and Bachaumont's and La Chapelle's and Langle's Journies, and my Bigarrures; reserve them, with my Meerschaum, to yourself, and over them remember the happy hours that you have spent before with them and him who thanks you now for all your warm-hearted kindness. In the drawer of my desk will be found a portrait and some letters; I need not say whose they are, but I entreat you, my dear Frank, I conjure you, to take them into your own hands—to let no other look upon them, and to deliver them to *her!* Gloss the circumstances of my death, and let the tidings fall gently on her; but tell her, amid all my sins and all my follies, I remembered her, and loved her, and her only, and more earnestly in the last moments of my life than when I held her on my bosom. Tell her——"

I had written thus far when I was interrupted by a tapping at my door, and when I opened it Frank was there.

"Is it time then already?" said I.

"Yes," said he. "I am glad to see you ready. Come, we have few moments to lose."

"The hours have flown with strange rapidity," I said; "but I am prepared. You spoke to me last night of a will; doubtless it was a necessary precaution, and I thank you for the hint. I have attended to it, and have noted down my wishes; here is a memorandum of them, and I confide the execution of them to you; I know you will not refuse the task."

"God forbid," said Frank, taking my hand, "that I should; but God forbid there should be occasion for my offices."

"I also hope, my dear friend," I replied, "that there may be no such necessity; but I have a presentiment (and my presentiments have seldom boded me falsely) that this morning's work will be my last."

"Don't say that, Ephraim," said Frank; "if I thought that—but, good God! how can I get you out of it?"

"Out of it!" I exclaimed; "you mistake me. I cannot prevent my conviction; but if I saw my grave dug at my feet, I would not retrace the steps I have taken. Come, come, I am ready;" and, taking him by the arm, I drew him from the room, and we quitted the house silently, and in a few minutes were on the ground.

On arriving there, I found that my adversary (whom I had never seen before) was beforehand with us; he was a tall, raw, gaunt, muscular fellow, with an enormous pair of mustachios, and having very much the appearance of one of Napoleon's old *sabreurs*. We saluted each other coldly, and then turned away, while the seconds retired to settle the preliminaries; their conference lasted some time, and appeared to bear grievously upon my adversary's patience, for he seemed eager to despatch me.

At last he addressed them. "Gentlemen," he said, "I beg pardon, but I think we may arrange in a breath all that is to be arranged.—"First then," he said, speaking to Frank, "do you choose fifteen or twenty paces?"

Frank unhesitatingly replied the latter, out of regard to my safety.

"*Bon*," said the fellow, as he made a scratch in the turf with his heel, and prepared to take the distance.

I confess I was rejoiced at the thought of his measuring it, for I thought I perceived an omen of salvation in the length of his legs; in this, however, I was disappointed, for the vagabond stepped the ground as mincingly as a lady in pattens.

"And now," when he had finished that part of the business, "and now," said he, with a coolness that matched that of the morning, and bespoke him terribly *au fait* to the business, "whose weapons are we to use? Your's? They are only a common holster pair; mine are rifle-barrelled and hair triggered, and in every way superior to those machines; what say you to using mine? they'll make shorter work of the business."

"No doubt," thought I.

"What say you, Ephraim?" said Frank.

"O, by all means; what is good for the goose is good for the gander," I answered, with an attempt to smile; Frank therefore assented.

"*Bon*," said the fellow again; "and now, for the first fire; has any body a piece of money about them? Oh, here, I have one;" and he handed it to his second, who flung it up, and the result was in his favour.

Frank then came up to me, and, seizing my hand with passionate interest, said to me, in a tone of agitation, "Ephraim, my dear boy, be of good cheer; that hulking blackguard is evidently trying to bully you, but be of good cheer; let me place you; you are but a lath, give him your side; you know it is disputed whether on these occasions it is most prudent to give the front or the side; but let me govern you here; you are but a lath, give him your side, and the devil himself can't hit you. God bless you, and keep you!" And so saying, and again pressing my hand, he withdrew. Immediately after which we placed ourselves, and the next instant the signal was given. As soon as I heard it, I looked straight at my adversary, and saw him raise his pistol and steady it; I saw him eye me with the keenness of a hawk and the precision of a master; it was but the fair half-second, but I knew and was certain he had covered me. The next instant I felt a blow, as it were, on the outside of my right elbow, and a something like ice stealing along the arm as it dropped nerveless and with the weight of lead by my side, and I heard the report of his weapon. I was winged clean as a whistle.

Frank perceived how it was with me, and was by my side in a twinkling, bandaging my arm with the handkerchief he tore from his neck. "Are you faint, Ephraim?"

"Not at all," I said; "but make haste, I long for my revenge."

"Is the gentleman hurt?" inquired my adversary, with a half-stifled sardonic grin.

"Not a whit," said I; and he bowed.

"Can you give him him his charge?" inquired Frank.

"O never fear," I answered; "let me have the pistol." He handed it to me; I grasped it, but I essayed in vain to raise it; my right arm was more disabled than I had thought.

"Try him with the left," said Frank.

I did so, but found the pistol far heavier than I had conceived, and much heavier than I knew my own to be; it was impossible to level it with my left. I looked at my adversary and saw his features relax into a damnable Mephistophelic grin. I maddened with unspeakable rage.—"Hell and the devil!" I exclaimed, "is there no having a slap at the long-legged rascal?"

"I fear not," said Frank; "but," he added, with affectionate warmth, "stand back, and I'll fight his second for you."

"That's out of the question," I replied; "let me try my left again." I did so, and felt convinced the pistol was more than usually heavy. I held it by the barrel, and then I felt assured the butt was plugged heavily with lead. The thought of treachery immediately came across me. The fire won at his own call on the toss of a florin from his own purse probably, and a piece contrived for these occasions, with the same impression on both sides. My right arm shattered certainly by aim, and his pistol of a weight that prevented all possibility of its being levelled with the left hand; all concurred to assure me I was the victim of a scoundrel.

"But it shall not go thus," I said, as I thrust Frank on one side, and advanced towards the villain with the cool purpose of blowing his brains out; "it shall not go thus!" And as I neared him, I poised the butt of the pistol with my left hand against my chest, and put my finger on the trigger to draw in his face. Fortunately, Frank, who was ignorant of my suspicions, closed on me at the very critical instant, and wrenched the weapon from my grasp, exclaiming, at the same time, "Would you commit murder?"

"With pleasure," I answered, "upon such a murderous villain as this!" But he was now secure from my fire, and seeing himself so, and safe in his superior physical strength, he sneered at me with such mean demoniacal insult, that unable to withold myself any longer, I rushed on him and grappled with him; but I was weak from pain and loss of blood, and I fainted.

Suddenly I was aroused by some one shaking me violently. I looked up; it was Frank. "Up, up, man," he cried.

"Up," I said, "for what?"

"For what," he replied, "to save my character and your own, if you have any care about either. Why, it wants but a quarter of six, and at six we must be on the ground."

"What, have not I been shot then?" I said.

"Shot!" he exclaimed, "who the devil has been here to shoot you? Why you have been dreaming."

It was true; I had drawn my table to my bedside to make my will, and had fallen back asleep, and dreamed what I have related.

"Then I suppose I must be shot again?"

"There's little fear of that, thank Heaven," said Frank, "for I have just learnt that your adversary, in alarm at your prowess, has bolted."

"Indeed," said I, as cooly as I could; but inwardly thanking God heartily for deliverance from jeopardy.

"Yes," continued Frank, "so it is; but come, we must take our ground, and give the vagabond an hour's law."

"With all my heart," said I; and in five minutes I was dressed and on my way to the spot, with a lighted cheroot in my mouth, and truth to say, *entre nous*, a lighter heart under my waistcoat than I think I should else have carried to the field.

On the ground we found Captain M., the fellow's second, who informed us he understood his principal had taken flight, and vowed summary vengeance on him when and wherever he should meet him, for the insult he had offered him by his pusillanimous conduct. To be brief, we waited one hour, and my antagonist did not appear. Frank thus addressed himself to his second:—

"Captain M.," he said, "you will do my friend the justice to say he has behaved as becomes a brave and an honourable man?"

"Most certainly," said the Captain; and we quitted the ground, and I proceeded to post the recreant; after which the Captain, Frank, and I together took steaks and claret for breakfast. And thus ended "the first duel" of a half-bearded boy. EPHRAIM TWIGG.

THE DEPARTED.

O, sacred Star of Evening! tell
In what unseen celestial sphere,
The [illegible] of the perfect dwell,
Too pure to rest in sadness here.
Roam they the crystal field of light,
O'er paths by feet of angels trod,
Their robes with heavenly splendor bright,
Their home, the Paradise of God!

Soul of the just! and canst thou soar
Amidst the radiant orbs sublime,
When life's delusive scene is o'er,
And all the griefs of changeful time?
And canst thou join the blissful choir,
Thro' heaven's high dome the song to raise,
Where seraphs strike the golden lyre,
In ever-during notes of praise?

O who would heed the chilling blast
That blows o'er life's eventful sea,
If doomed to hail—its perils past,
The bright wave of eternity?
And who the sorrows would not bear
Of such a fleeting world as this,
When faith displays beyond its care,
So bright an entrance into bliss?

REFLECTIONS

ON HUMAN GLORY, OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF LAFAYETTE.

Ingratitude! how many a noble name
Is doomed by thee to cold neglect and shame:
How many a patriot, from his tomb complains
Of pangs endured in dungeons and in chains.

A THOUSAND halls are hung in mourning, a thousand bells fill the air with solemn tones, and millions of patriotic hearts are sorrowing over the tomb of one, whose name is honoured by all nations, and dear to every lover of liberty. Lafayette—the great Apostle of freedom, and the friend of man, sleeps with all the mighty dead. His illustrious spirit, freed from mortality, walks with that of Washington, in the bright halls of Heaven, while his honoured dust reposes on the pillow of eternal renown. Pass over the pages of history—roll back the splendid record of the past—there is no character, save that of the world-honoured Washington, which may compete with his, in all that was glorious and grand, in all that was virtuous and noble. Whether we view him in society or solitude, in the forum or the field—whether we see him bravely battling in the cause of liberty at Brandywine, or standing on the fearful volcano of a French revolution, he is still the same grand and glorious character; still the same brave and benevolent hero. We find him still the same fearless and faithful friend of man, whether he was giving his gold and the glory of his achievements to the cause of freedom in the forests of America, or mourning over the miseries of his country in the dark, damp dungeons of Olmutz. How splendid must his character appear to posterity, when they behold him crowned with the brilliant honours of his own country, and receiving the homage of millions of freemen in another, whom he helped to emancipate from immutable despotism. To have been the bosom friend of Washington, was fame sufficient to immortalize the memory of any individual, but his deeds are celebrated in every language, and his name is known in every land. On every shore some gifted bard wakes the long neglected harp to the memory of the hero, and sings his brilliant career.

Though the name of Napoleon stands unrivalled in the archives of conquest, though he emancipated Europe from the dark despotism of a thousand years, freed France from a whole hecatomb of Bourbon tyrants, and made himself master of Europe, of Egypt, and the Isles, yet he dwindles into absolute insignificance when compared with that glorious patriot, and patriarch of liberty, the Marquis de Lafayette.

As different was their meed as were their motives. The one, actuated by an insatiable ambition, a reckless, restless love of conquest, sighed only for the pomp of power, and the splendid pageantry of French royalty. He thought not of his fields of carnage, of cities sacked, and the thousands who perished to perpetuate his name, when his eye was dazzled with the brilliance of a diadem, and he mused on the glories of a glittering crown, and the rich robes of royalty. He was ever ready to brave danger and death amid the burning sands of Syria, or the tumbling towers of Moscow, if his perils but pointed to the path of conquest and the pomp of power. Whether he was plundering a gallery of the arts in Italy, or a mausoleum of its mummies in Egypt—whether he was crushing a crown, imprisoning a Pope, banishing a tyrant, or delivering from a dungeon the good Lafayette, he was still the same mighty and mysterious being; still actuated by the same ambition, the same love of power and renown.

How different was the character of the philanthropic and patriotic Lafayette. Born to nobility, in the lap of luxury, and bred in the most brilliant Court in Europe, he yet imbibed in early life, the imperishable principles of justice and liberty; and at the age of eighteen left his native land, where elegance, and ease, and opulence surrounded him—left the fascinations of the French metropolis, and the Court of St. Cloud, to aid a foreign people in the glorious struggle for freedom and the rights of man. Dark was the day of that struggle, and gloomy was the prospect that that land would ever be liberated from the yoke of a distant and determined despot. Yet he not only gave his presence but his purse, to the prosecution of that holy enterprize, which eventuated in the emancipation of three millions of people, and gave to the world a glorious pattern of human perseverance and patriotism. He came, not in the moment when victory hung the bloody banner of liberty on the lofty pinnacle of the temple of peace; oh, no; but he came in the darkest day of danger, when swords were leaping to the hands of heroes, when despair, like a cloud at midnight, darkened the minds of men, and the eye of Washington alone saw in the dim distance the brilliant hues of the rainbow of hope, and a happy hereafter. Thank Heaven, the patriotic Lafayette lived to see his efforts successful, to say in the words of Cæsar,—"*Veni, vidi, vici*;" and in the language of the gallant Perry,—"*We have met the enemy, and they are ours.*"

Of all the illustrious benefactors and patriots, recorded on the pages of history, perhaps none, while living, have reaped so rich a harvest of fame as Washington and Lafayette. Illustrious men do not always receive the reward of their merits; the world is given to ingratitude. Miltiades, who on the plains of Marathon, with a handful of heroes conquered the crowded legions of Persia, and bound the brow of Greece with an imperishable garland of glory; he who eclipsed the fame of Themistocles, and threw a shade over the renown of Aristides, was doomed by the multitude to immediate condemnation for a single error; and while his friends, shocked and ashamed, reminded them of Marathon, he was permitted to pine and perish in a dungeon. It is true, that his picture by the celebrated painter Polygnotus, was preserved for ages, as a remnant of his renown in the Portico, where Zeno afterwards thundered his precepts of philosophy; but while it remained a splendid memento of his immortality, it also became the monument of their ingratitude and disgrace. Thus, he who had refused the sceptre of sovereignty in Chersonesus, that he might, by his virtues and his victories, shed glory on Greece, became a martyr to the jealousy of the mercenary, and met death in the chilling precincts of a prison. The ingratitude of Greece and her greedy sons did not even stop here. With the heart of the Hyena, they denied the right of sepulture to the sacred relics of the renowned hero, and it was not till the piety of his son had paid the penalty which had been imposed, that he found a grave in the land which his glory had immortalized.

The ingratitude of Greece can never be forgotten or forgiven. The venerable Socrates, the father of philosophy, the terror of the thirty tyrants, and the glory of Athens, and the world fell a victim to the envy of meaner souls and perished, a martyr to the principles he inculcated. Charged with corrupting youth, and denying the existence of the Gods, the aged philosopher and friend of man was doomed to death, at once, a victim to his virtue and to the glorious philosophy which he taught, and would not stoop to extenuate. Truly, in the language of the elegant Rosseau, Socrates died like a philosopher, and he might have added, like a Christian; covered with eternal glory, which a thousand tyrants can never extinguish, and which has burned brighter as it descended through the long, dark midnight of ages. The temples in which he taught have fallen, their columns have crumbled to dust, and other fanes of philosophy, which rose upon their ruins, are going down to decay; yet when these, and all the proud temples of Grecian glory and learning, shall be crushed amid the melancholy wrecks of time's revolutions, his renown shall still survive, eternal as the virtue he practised, and imperishable as the principles he promulgated. It was fame enough to have been the preceptor of Plato, the great Apostle of truth, had he never adorned a temple or taught his principles and precepts to the world.

Ungrateful Athens! what a penalty did thy envy and ingratitude impose upon thee and the world. Cicero nobly declares, that he could never read the account of the death of Socrates without shedding tears.

Never was there an instance of ingratitude more glaring, or injustice more reckless, than was exhibited towards that illustrious individual Christopher Columbus, whose services and sorrows have alike been immortalized by the pen of the poet and historian. His philosophic mind conceived the idea that there was another land beyond the vast ocean, which no keel had ever cut, and no eye had ever traversed, but he was considered a visionary and enthusiast. It is recorded that woman was the cause of the fall of man and of the fall of Troy, and it is redeeming to her character that she was instrumental to that glorious discovery, which then covered Spain with immense riches and renown, and has since given mighty nations to the world. And how did Spain reward him for all his laborious toils and brilliant triumphs? Chains, and a dungeon, were all the rewards of him who made the most splendid discoveries to be found recorded on the long catalogue of human adventure.

Nor less ungrateful has been the world in bestowing upon Americus Vespucius the renown of giving a name to the New World, when it should have borne the beautiful one of its brilliant discoverer. Had fortune made Christopher Columbus a conqueror, had he lit up the streets of Europe with the torch of war, had he hurled [illegible] away their crowns with the profusive prodigality of a Napoleon—had he deluged fields in blood, and immolated a million on the altar of his unholy ambition, statues would have started from the sculptor's hand in every land, and marble cenotaphs and magnificent monuments would have recorded his renown, and stood to future generations as memorials of his magnanimous career. Far different has it been with the grand and glorious character of Columbus. Oh, tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askalon, that the great discoverer of America died in a dungeon. Yet common justice has inscribed his imperishable name on the pages of history, which must endure when the temples and tombs erected to the common conqueror shall have tumbled to dust, and his very name, shall be obliterated from the marble that commemorates it.

What is human glory? What are all the brilliant achievements of the Macedonian madman—the trophies and triumphs of the mighty Cæsar? And what the victories of the world-worshipped Napoleon, who snatched a brand from the French volcano, and lit all Europe with its lurid blaze? The marble tablets of their monuments alone remain the records of their renown, for they, with all their glory and their gold, have become the trophies of the tomb. How humiliating the thought, that he, who once governed all Greece, and fancied himself the son of Jove—that he, who made Rome the empire of the world—and that he, who crushed a hundred thrones, and exiled all Europe's kings from their country and their crowns—should, like the beggar, go down to the dust, distinguishable only by the marble temple that entombs them.

What is human glory? Go muse for a moment on the plains of Marathon and Minden—go meditate in the fields of Pharsalia, of Jena, and Austerlitz—the genius of desolation sits there brooding over the destinies of thousands who perished to perpetuate the fame of one ambitious man. The pages of history has not even preserved their naked names, and their memory and their merits, have alike been lost, in the brilliant blaze of glory that surrounded their hero. What was glory to the thousands who perished on the plains of Waterloo? They sleep, not with the mighty dead—the garland of glory decks not their triumphs, nor adorns their tomb—to them the scroll of fame has never been unrolled, nor has the emblazoning trump blown the blast of their renown. They sleep the eternal sleep of oblivion, and their bleaching bones are obtained by the farmer to fatten his fields. No wreath adorns their bleeding brows—no flowers bloom over the place of their repose—and no splendid mausoleum lifts its marble tablet covered with the history of their achievements, for the admiration of millions yet unborn. Melancholy are the memorials of their merits and their martyrdom.

How different was the glory of Lafayette, the glory of doing good! How blissful must have been his reflections on the bed of death, when he looked back on a long life spent in ameliorating the condition of mankind. No mourning mothers covered his memory with a thousand curses—and no weeping widows rejoiced in the hour of the patriarch's departure. Beloved and mourned by millions, he went down to the tomb, while nations united in paying homage to his memory and his remains. Never can his name cease to be dear to the heart of every freeman, and his fame will brighten, as our country marches on to greater glory and greatness. The history of his deeds shall stir up in the hearts of our heroes the spirit which led Lafayette to victory, and the memory of his virtues shall point them to the path of true dignity and honour. MILFORD BARD.

POETRY.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Morn on her rosy couch awoke,
Enchantment led the hour,
And mirth and music drank the dews
That freshen'd beauty's flower,
When from her bower of deep delight,
I heard a young girl sing—
"Oh, speak no ill of Poetry,
For 'tis a holy thing."

The sun, in noon-day heat rose high,
And on, with heaving breast
I saw a weary pilgrim toil,
Unpitied and unblest,
Yet still in trembling measures flow'd
Forth from a broken string—
"Oh, speak no ill of Poetry,
For 'tis a holy thing."

'Twas night, and death the curtains drew,
Mid agony severe,
While there a willing spirit went
Home to a glorious sphere,
Yet still it sigh'd, e'en when was spread
The waiting angel's wing—
"Oh, speak no ill of Poetry,
For 'tis a holy thing."

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

AN ESSAY

On the Education of Females.

"Remember, man, the universal cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;
Heaven breathes thro' every member of the whole,
One common blessing as one common soul."
POPE.

In this country, talent and good sense have been united to promote the general respectability and comfort of the community—the laws of other nations have been consulted, and the efforts which they produced examined prior to the formation of our own code, judging from the experience of others, those which had been proved to be beneficial, were selected, and any having a tendency to lessen the dignity of man, where rejected—no wild speculations were hazarded—no Utopian theories were attempted to be realized, and if it be true that originality is simply judicious imitation, we may claim for our edict the merit of being original, as well as admirable. They gave to every American a right to vote, and in order that this inestimable privilege should be granted to men capable of using it with propriety, they gave them likewise every facility for obtaining an Education calculated to enlarge the mind and fit them for their duties to themselves and the commonwealth—the species of knowledge most necessary, and the best method of conveying that knowledge, have been frequently discussed, and the formation of a College in consequence of Mr. Girard's bequest, has elicited the opinions of men whose experience, enlightened minds and benevolence, gives us an assurance that their prospects are such as would tend to the advancement of the rising generation, both in a moral and political point of view; yet while so much care has been evinced for the cultivation of the minds of men, it seems strange that one material circumstance should be overlooked, namely, the foundation upon which those excellent principles of instruction are to rest—when an architect draws his plan of an edifice, it does not escape his recollection that the basis by which it is to be supported, must be solid, durable and in keeping with the remainder of the building, although it is not destined to share in the admiration which the structure, when complete, may excite either by its usefulness or its beauty—and should not the architect of the human mind look out for laborers suited to the task of forming its first ideas in order to qualify it for its future destruction? To whom is the earliest formation of the mind necessarily entrusted?—To women—and are women prepared by their own Education to perform this duty? It is to be feared, not—custom has made it indelicate for an unmarried lady to speak of being a wife or mother; ought not this to be rectified—should she not on the contrary be made fully to understand the importance of the stations assigned to her. How would a man act in his trade, his profession, or as a citizen, if it were considered a breach of decorum on his part to speak on the subject—or if they were made theories for jests to be laughed or blushed at—why cannot women receive the same advantages as men in this case? why cannot their early years be passed in preparing them for the situations they will be called upon to fill when they arrive at maturity? The only reply that can be given to this question is, that custom has arranged otherwise; but it should be broken—this, like many other absurdities which have clogged the human mind, and which are day after day discovered to be "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." A gentleman who had lately written some able and ingenious letters upon the Education of young men, says "there are fewer absurdities in the Education of Females, than in that of the opposite sex"—if this be true, it is indeed to be desired that such men as the writer alluded to, would devote their talents to clear away the dark cloud which hangs between them and the light of reason and truth—yet there can hardly be a greater absurdity than the ignorance in which women are kept of the duties of their allotted sphere—another fault exits in the lure held out to induce them to learn. A young [illegible] plishment—she finds it, difficult and this difficulty engenders a dislike—she asks why she must learn it, and what is the answer, "because it is fashionable—because Miss such a one learns it, and because it will make you appear to advantage when you grow up;" these are sown—the seeds of that vanity, which is attributed to females—the child naturally concludes that it must be of great consequence to appear to advantage, and no wonder if it becomes her first object in after life; in place of drilling her to appear to advantage in company, it would be more conducive to her usefulness and to her happiness, if she were taught to look upon her accomplishments as means to render her more pleasing to her family or more capable of passing her solitary hours agreeably; this would alleviate some of the sorrows of the female sex—she who leads a life of celibacy would by this course be taught to turn to her accomplishments as sources of delight, in place of that disgust to which the present mode of tuition gives rise; how does she regard them as years advance, and it chances that no one sues for her hand.—Her acquirements have failed in their object, they have not, after all, made her appear to sufficient advantage to obtain for her one eligible offer—they were given her for ornament, not for use, and the victim of a fallacious mode of Education, is left to repent, "a youth of follies," and to meet "an old age of cares"—so much for its effect upon single ladies; and how for married ones—she whom Heaven gave to man for a companion, but alas! the designs of providence are prevented, custom has said that as the duties of men and women do not assimilate, neither need their education—is not this an absurdity. On the contrary, ought not some means be devised to encourage a reciprocity of taste; persons of opposite tempers may agree, but those whose taste differ, rarely do—or indeed who would, if he consulted his reason, choose for a companion one who was ignorant of the subjects which interested him or who disliked the pursuits he loved to follow. For this reason, men often seek abroad for that social intercourse from which they are debarred at home; this leads to dissipation and extravagance, and is the cause of many of the evils of wedded life; in like manner it produces ill effects between a mother and her son—the child remains in her charge for five or six years or even for a longer period—or if he is sent to school, it is frequently to a female teacher who is not better qualified for the task than is the mother herself—at length he is placed under the care of a master, and objects are presented to his imagination, totally different from those he has been hitherto accustomed to contemplate. He hears other boys in the course of their lessons, tell some historical anecdote which attracts his attention; he relates it in turn to his mother and and how does she act—does she seek to show forth his ideas upon the subject—does she relate some similar circumstance, and throw a clear light upon the interesting fact, alas! no—she either evinces an indiscreet admiration of her boy's acquisition of knowledge, or she shows an equally indiscreet indifference about it. In the former case, she exalts the child's opinion of his own understanding, and lessens his reverence for her, and in the latter, she represses the natural desire of his young mind to make his mother his confident, and in consequence his affection diminishes, he seeks for another heart to be the repository of his thoughts, and thus a bar is placed between him and the mother who watched over his helpless infancy, and she mourns, when he arrives at the age of manhood, that he neither pays respect to her advice nor shows a desire for her society. If women were made aware of the necessity of conforming themselves to the taste of their husbands and sons—if their minds were allowed the same advantages, there can be no doubt of their using their knowledge with propriety—they are told that a well ordered house ought to be their chief boast, and behold what neatness, what cleanliness and what an appearance of comfort is found in those of the American women; but their domestic avocations do not employ their whole time, even in the humble walks of life, and habit has rendered them so easy, that although they employ their hands, they do not occupy their thoughts too much, therefore, would not be imposed upon them, if in addition to their present studies they were called upon to assist in the formation of the minds of their children, it would prove an advantageous exercise for their mental faculties, it would lessen their fondness for dress, expensive furniture, and above all, that senseless gossip on which men look with contempt. Let the ample page of history be laid open for the perusal of females, in place of their present superficial knowledge of its contents. In every female seminary let some portion of each day be set apart for conversation and needlework, let the governess then introduce some subject combining instruction and interest, this will create a distaste for that idle chit chat, to which many females, estimable in other respects, are so much addicted—and this will relieve them from the necessity of seeking for topics suited to the limited understandings of women when they are conversing with them. The line drawn between the two sexes is a remnant of barbarism, a custom engendered when war was the business of men, and at periods when women were sunk beneath their proper standing or elevated far above it. It is a line which Providence has not drawn, never was it said to the intellects of women as to the troubled waves, "So far shalt thou go and no further"—Oh no—in all improvements projected for the male part of the creation, if some care is not bestowed upon the other portion of it, the scheme will prove visionary—an air-built castle which resembles the poet's wish for his mistress.

As half in shade, and half in sun;
The world along its path advances—
Oh may the side the sun's upon,
Be all that ever meets thy glances.

This is very beautiful, but it is also impossible—and it is equally impossible for men to bask in the light while women are left in the dark. The stronger mind of man may sustain the full glare of intellectual beams as the eagle's eye is framed to meet the full rays of the sun, while that woman can only encounter its brightness at a distance, but if she is completely left in the shade, her influence will prevent men from ever leaving it totally—this influence is of the most dangerous kind under the present state of things; for it is unacknowledged and therefore, no care has been taken to inspire women with a prudent use of it, yet has it existed through all nations.—Behold the Spartans whose matrons were employed to deliver the shield to their sons on going forth to battle with words to incite them to bravery. Behold the Romans, who when their State was on the brink of ruin, sent their females to the Volscian camp, and the proud, the injured Coriolanus yielded to the tears of his mother—by her influence, did Esther save her tribe, let us therefore take example from the history of other countries and seek to turn the power of women to good account, and in place of suffering weeds to spring forth in their wild luxuriance, let us teach flowers to grow. Next to Religion, Education most refines the soul—it softened the vices of the English Elizabeth, and to it she owed the glory of her reign. It strengthened the unfortunate lady Jane Grey—preserved her during her youth from the dissipation of high life, and assisted her to resign her throne and her life, without a sigh. But we need not look to other times or other countries, for its effects, who can read the pure effusions of Mrs. Sigourney's muse, without acknowledging the delight which educated minds, when endowed with genius, can give, or who can behold Mrs. Hale exerting her talents for the support of her orphan family, without feeling proud of their country-women—these are bright constellations, shining forth amid darkness; nor are they alone—yet although, we do not expect such luminaries to rise in every man's home any more than we should hope that each separate star in the milky sky, should emit the effulgence of Venus or Mars, yet we desire, ardently desire, that every female mind may receive its portion of light, whether it afterwards sheds it around for the benefit of others, or confine its rays to a narrower orbit—then should the glowing lines of the poet be verified—

"Woman, lovely woman,
Nature made you to temper man;
We had been brutes without you—
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven;
Amazing brightness—purity and truth;
Eternal joy and everlasting love."
MRS. BELL.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

SAMUEL L. SOUTHARD.

The life of this gentleman furnishes another illustration of the advantages of the free Constitution of the country. Like Clay, Webster, Wirt, and many others known to fame, he is the fabricator of his own fortune, and has acquired the distinction which he has [illegible] intellectual energies. He was not, in the language of Burke, "swaddled, and rocked, and nursed," into eminence, but owes the reputation he enjoys, and the rank he has attained, to himself and the liberal institutions of his country.

Mr. Southard is a native of New Jersey, and was born of parents respectable, but not wealthy. He is now in the 48th year of his age, of a feeble constitution, and with a body shattered by disease, to which he has been occasionally subject through life. With that spirit of independence which characterizes genius, he threw himself early upon his own resources, and, after passing through his collegiate studies at Princeton, with great honor, he commenced his career at the age of seventeen, as an assistant instructor in an academy which had been recently established at Mendham, in New Jersey. The great exertions and incessant labors which this new occupation demanded, so impaired his health, that he found it necessary to relinquish his school; and, after spending some months in Washington, where his father, a representative from New Jersey, then resided, he proceeded on a tour through Virginia, and finally stopped at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Taliaferro, into whose family he was soon admitted as a private teacher. Here he was induced to enter upon the study of Jurisprudence, rather for the purpose of enlarging his sphere of knowledge than with any design to pursue it as a profession. His progress was, however, so rapid, and the science itself so agreeable to him, that he determined to continue his studies till he was qualified to appear at the bar. He soon after returned to his native State, and there entered upon his new profession, with the most flattering prospects of success. He successively filled the situations of Prosecutor, Master, and Examiner, in Chancery, and Law Reporter, while he continued to practice as a Councellor in the highest Courts of the State. And such were the solid nature of his legal attainments, and his talents as a public speaker, that he rose rapidly to distinction. An event at this time occurred, which gave at once stability and brilliancy to his reputation. Though young, he was employed in an important controversy between the States of New York and New Jersey, concerning the boundary line, arising from a dispute between private individuals respecting the privilege of steamboat navigation. Some of the most eminent lawyers of the United States were engaged in this great question, and, though Mr. Southard had to oppose Mr. Emmett, the most brilliant ornament of the New York bar, and to assist Mr. J. Hopkinson, who stood equally high as a lawyer and advocate at the Philadelphia bar, he sustained himself with so much ability and eloquence, that his reputation was at once established.

So high was the estimation in which he was now held, that he was brought out as a candidate in opposition to one of the most popular men of the Federal party, J. Ewing, Esq., and succeeded in being returned as a member of the Legislature of his State, over his highly esteemed and respectable opponent. His health, however, becoming daily more and more enfeebled by his professional labors, he was induced, in order that his life might be prolonged, to retire from the bar, and a vacancy having occurred on the Bench of the Supreme Court in New Jersey, he was appointed to fill this high and responsible station at the early age of twenty-eight years. In this situation he continued till he was elected in 1820, to the Senate of the United States, where he remained till he was called, by President Monroe, in 1823, to a seat in the Cabinet, as Secretary of the Navy. In this situation he continued till 1829, when the present Administration came into power. At the elevation of Mr. Adams to the Presidency of the U. S. he was so well pleased with the manner in which Mr. Southard had discharged his official duties, as Head of the Navy Department, that he expressed his earnest desire that he would continue in the situation which he had filled with so much ability and satisfaction; and, during the absence of Mr. Rush, then Minister to England, who had been appointed Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. S. was designated to perform the additional duties of that office. After his resignation in 1829, he returned to New Jersey, and, in a few years, was elected Governor of that State. In 1833 he was again sent to the Senate of the United States in the place of Mahlon Dickerson, where he is now considered as one of the most prominent among the eloquent and distinguished members of that body.

Mr. Southard is, in person, about the middle size, with a face strongly marked, and indicative of thought. His compressed lips evince great firmness, and the general character of his countenance is that of blended mildness and asperity. His mind possesses great affluence and energy, with a happy mixture of judgment and imagination. It is active in its operations and fertile in its resources. He has accumulated a large treasure of facts, by reading and observation, and employs them to enforce, illustrate, and embellish what he has to say. His imagination gilds and ornaments what his judgment sanctions or his memory supplies. He does not sport on the surface of his subject, and amuse himself, or those whom he addresses, with the mere flowers of fancy, however gaudy, or the ornaments of rhetoric, however splendid; but explores its deepest recesses—casts the light of his intellect into it—illuminates what is dark, explains and illustrates what is obscure, and renders it clear and intelligible to the meanest capacity. His industry has been indefatigable and unceasing, and its fruits are seen in every intellectual effort he makes. He brings to the investigation of every subject a mind fraught with knowledge, and capable of the closest and most accurate reasoning. As a speaker his voice is not agreeable; it wants melody and intonation, but is distinct, though, from the weakness of his body, sometimes tremulous. His action is appropriate, and occasionally vehement; his diction is correct and fluent, and his style vigorous and flowing. His feelings are ardent, and this ardor is imparted to his manner, when he speaks. In private life he is mild and amiable; and no one, seeing him in the domestic circle, would suppose that he ever indulged in the bitterness of invective, or could give vent to the pungent sarcasm, or terrible denunciations, which he sometimes utters on the floor of the Senate, when roused by the appearance of oppression, folly, injustice, or tyranny.

WOMAN'S KINDNESS.—Mr. *Flexible Grummet*, M. P. who writes "Leaves from my Log Book" for the London United Service Journal, and whose narratives have the air of authenticity much more than his name, relates the following incident which occurred while he was passing through a small village near Rochefort, France, as a prisoner, under a military escort.

I had obtained a fresh supply of canvass for my feet, which were much blistered and extremely sore; but this was soon worn out, and I suffered dreadfully.—About noon we halted in the market-place of a small town bearing every mark of antiquity, (I think it was Melle,) to rest and refresh. To escape the sun I took my seat on an old tea-chest, standing in front of a huckster's shop, and removed my tattered mocassins. Whilst doing this an elderly woman came out of the shop accompanied by a young girl, very prettily dressed, and "Pauvre garcon!"—"Pauvre prisonier!" were uttered by both. The girl, with tears in her eyes, looked at my lacerated feet, and then without saying a word, returned to the house. In a few minutes afterwards she re-appeared, but her finery had been taken off, and she carried a large bowl of warm water in her hands. In a moment the bowl was placed before me,—she motioned me to put in my feet, which I did, and down she went upon her knees and washed them in the most tender manner. Oh, what a luxury was that half hour! The elder female brought me food, whilst the younger, having performed her office, wrapped up my feet in soft linen, and then fitted on a pair of her mother's shoes.

'Hail! woman, hail! last formed in Eden's bowers,
Midst humming streams and fragrance-breathing flowers
Thou art, 'mid light and gloom, through good and ill
Creation's glory, man's chief blessing still!—
Thou calm'st our thoughts, as halcyons calm the sea,
Sooth'st in distress when servile minions flee;
And oh! without thy soul-bright smiles below,
Life were a night, and earth a waste of woe."

During the process above mentioned, numbers had collected round and stood silently witnessing so angelic an act of charity. "Eulalie", heeded them not; but when her task was finished she raised her head, and a sweet smile of gratified pleasure beamed on her face.

CHINESE FUNERALS.—The Chinese, having no hope beyond the grave, run into excess in thus mourning for the death of near relations. Every part of the ceremonial is exactly regulated; even the period, manner, and degree of the mourner's grief being duly prescribed. The corpse, being dressed in warm clothes, is deposited in a substantial coffin, and kept for several days above ground, whilst the survivors express their unassisted grief by gesture, dishevelled hair, sackcloth, and a mournful silence. When a lucky spot has been selected for the grave, the corpse is consigned to the bosom of our universal mother, earth. Building a tomb in the form of a horse shoe, they inscribe thereon the name of the deceased, erect a tablet to his memory in the hall of his ancestors, and repair annually to the grave, in order to prostrate themselves before the manes, and to offer victuals to those hungry spirits. In the temples divine honour are paid to their memory. To supply their full wants, in the other world, they burn gilt paper, paper chariots and houses, with every necessary article of furniture, which are supposed to be changed in the other world into real utensils; whilst the gilt paper, when burnt to ashes, becomes so much ready money. The greater the person age, the more protracted is the mourning; the emperor mourns three years for his parent, and every good subject follows his august example. Mandarins resign their office during this period of affliction, literati avoid entering the examinations, and the common people abstain for some time from their labour.

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To Readers and Correspondents.

When addressing the publisher respecting subscribers, please always mention at what post office the [illegible].

[illegible]

"[illegible]," and "Terrestrial Dissolution," we shall reserve for publication.

"[illegible]," by L., and the article signed Agnes, are placed on file.

"H J. P.," "Bayard," and "E. S. P.," we cannot oblige.

Notices of the "Hunchback of Notre Dame," the "American Quarterly Review," and the "Advocate of Science," are in type for our next paper.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Museum, for December, just published, is an excellent number, containing no less than twenty-one articles from the prominent literary publications of Europe. The work has been transferred to Adam Waldie, by whom it will be published hereafter, in an enlarged form. It will be under the superintendence of the editor of Waldie's Library.

The Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second. by Mrs. Jameson.—Philada. Carey & Hart.

This work comprises memoirs, biographical and critical, of the principal females who figured in the court of Charles the Second; among whom were Catharine of Braganza, Frances Stewart, Duchess of Cleveland, La Belle Hamilton, Lady Denham, Nell Gwynn, Mrs. Lawson, Countess of Chesterfield, Countess of Rochester, Miss Bagot, Mrs. Nott, Lady Bellasys, Mrs. Middleton, Miss Jennings, Duchess of Devonshire, and several others. Portraits of these females were commenced by Mr. Murphy, under the direction of the Princess Charlotte, but remained unfinished at the death of that lady. They were, however, finished subsequently, and the artist's daughter was engaged to write the biographical sketches. The present edition is a reprint of the London work, without the portraits. It is replete with interest, and furnishes, no doubt, a very correct picture of society during Charles the Second's licentious reign.

VIDOCQ.—A second edition of the memoirs of Vidocq, principal agent of the French Police, has already been called for, the first edition having been exhausted in less than six weeks. The new edition, just published by Carey & Hart, is furnished at half the price of the first. The work is one of extraordinary interest to all classes of readers.

YOUNG MAN'S PAPER.—This is the title of a quarto weekly periodical, just commenced at Baltimore, by a Society of Young Men, of that city. The third number, now before us, is well filled with original and selected articles of a miscellaneous character.

LITERARY.

Harper & Brothers, New York, will soon publish the following new works, viz: Miss Edgeworth on Practical Education; Lives of Eminent Zoologists, by W. Macgilvray; Life of Gen. Wolfe, by Dawson Turner; The Life and Times of Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D. by Rev. T. Milner; Lives of the Necromancers by Godwin; Tylney Hall, by Thomas Hood; The Young Muscovite, edited by the author of "The Life of a Sailor;" France, Social, Literary and Political, by H. L. Bulwer, Esq. M. P.

Hamlet, a Dramatic Prelude, in five acts. By James Rush, M. D.—Key & Biddle.

This is a tragedy with a medical preface. The author is well known as one of our most able physicians, and the author of an excellent work on the "Philosophy of the Human Voice." His design in the present publication may be inferred from the annexed exposition copied from a daily paper.

"It is known to many, that Dr. Rush has long been an advocate for the necessity of a more exact system of medicine, than that which prevails among us, and which produces the thousand absurdities of theory, the perpetual vacillations of opinion, and the endless evils of contention in the art. This condition, it seems, does not arise from the just and practical scope of the art itself, but from the visionary and dialectic character of its logic. With a view therefore, to draw the attention of the profession to the higher efficacy of observation, when entirely divested of the theoretic method of the schools, Dr. Rush published, about eight years ago, an analysis of the functions of the voice, conducted upon a mode exclusively observative. Though this analysis has an immediate practical application to another art, its publication was mainly designed to propose the way for a use of the same successful means of inquiry, upon the subject of practical medicine. So deeply, however, is the scholastic part of the medical profession occupied in a fictional world of its own, that its influence is necessarily opposed to the strict method of investigation, which that work exemplifies; notwithstanding the proof there given, that the use of the Baconian method has accomplished a purpose in science, which the other mode of theoretic inquiry, after all its labours on the subject, had left undone.

"The result of this experiment upon the philosophical disposition of the medical faculty, as we learn from the preface to the Tragedy, seems to have warned the author, that any attempt to set forth a system of medicine, under the pure light of observation alone, might, with the school-theorists, share the fate of his demonstrative analysis of the voice. He has, therefore, thought it necessary, with a view to the favour of a future hearing from the profession, to try a mode of compromising the difference between these widely divided classes—the theorists, and the observers. This compromise consists in giving what he hopes may be considered as an equivalent for the theoretic or fictional part of medicine, but upon the strict condition of keeping the fiction entirely distinct from the fact. Thus showing, by a mode of fellowship in fancy, that he is not unfriendly to fancy itself; but to the bad taste, and not to say danger, of making it the alluring constituent of medical instruction. The author, in furnishing his quota of fable, has chosen to form it into a Drama; and this he is now about to offer, as a fictional tribute to scholastic medicine.

The play opens with the Prince at Wittenberg, and is conducted upon the schemes of Claudius, the King's brother, to defeat the succession of the Prince to the throne of Denmark. It closes with the death of the King. Throughout, there are many pretty passages, embodying strong and indisputable truths—the annexed for example.

Third Student. Though knowledge should equal the trading plains,
It must, from higher grounds, have freshening feed
[illegible]
Still;—else all will dry or breed corruption.
Let us remember that the natural earth,
Through depraved virtue, once was sunk within a
Deluge-depth. The world of Art, with its high
Places gone, may yet be drowned in shallowness.
Years may prove, that teaching all, as they would
Teach, is but to scatter scraps, and call up flocks
Of disgusting fools; whose hunger, starved
At last, may weep in vain for wisdom's aid,—
Ah, then gone by. Let learning's higher seats
Be cleansed of Puffs and Promoters, and then
Be chastely filled, and that alone will spread
Cheap schooling; for our modes of mind are catching
And then they who act beneath upon life's
[illegible], seeing that the goodly robes of
Knowledge are not cloak to something else, will
Each as suits his place and means, take on the
Intellectual fashion. That rare mastership
Of mind which makes example fit, must come
Of time and toil, and various knowledge, deep
And laid in heaps. But learning spread for trade
Or show, and smoothed, as now, to common,
Is but veneering science to a skin-deep
Surface;—cheap contrivance of the age, to
Hide the mean material both of pedagogue
And dunce.

The publisher of the Boston Galaxy, offers the annexed prizes:—For the best original tale, $50; for the best original poem, $25; for the best article on a humorous subject, $25. Contributors to forward their articles before the last day of April, 1835.

Stephen Moreland—a novel, in two volumes. Philadelphia:—Key & Biddle.

We have found leisure to peruse but a few chapters of this work. The scene is laid in Chester county, and the characters introduced on the tender belong to the middle classes of American society. The book, we notice, is condemned by some, and praised by others, the usual award received by all authors for their first attempt at novel writing.

WORKS OF MRS. SHERWOOD.

The Harpers of New York have just published the seventh volume of the works of Mrs. Sherwood, uniform edition. It contains The Nun, Ireland's Friends My Aunt Kate, Ermina, Obadiah, The Gipsy Babes, The Basket Maker, The Butterfly, Alone, Procrastination, and the Morning Queen, all estimable in sentiment, and calculated to improve, instruct, and profit every reader. We know of no publication that we can more cordially recommend to the public patronage than these volumes. They should have a place in every library.

This work may be obtained in this city of Mr. H. [illegible], Chesnut street.

Poems; by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Philadelphia: Key & Biddle.

Another volume from the pen of that popular writer L. H. S. whose beautiful effusions rank with the productions of the first poets of the age. Some of the pieces, as we learn by the preface, were written when the authoress was very young, but they nevertheless furnish unequivocal evidences of taste and genius. In articles of a plaintive and religious character, Mrs Sigourney, is eminent for possessing the true spirit of poetry, and her admirers will hail this volume, filled as it is with contributions of this character, as a rich and luxuriant intellectual treat. The work contains a great variety of interesting subjects. We make room this week, for the following extract:—

THE BOY'S LAST REQUEST.

Half-raised upon his dying couch, his head
Drooped o'er his mother's bosom,—like a bud
Which, broken from its parent stalk, adheres
By some attenuate fibre. His thin hand
From 'neath the downy pillow drew a book
And slowly pressed it to his bloodless lip.
"Mother, dear mother, see your birth-day gift,
Fresh and unsoiled. Yet have I kept your word,
And ere I slept each night, and every morn,
Did read its pages with my humble prayer,
Until this sickness came."
He paused—for breath
Came scantly, and with a toilsome strife.
"Brother or sister have I none, or else
I'd lay this Bible on their heart, and say,
Come read it on my grave, among the flowers:
So you who gave must take it back again,
And love it for my sake." "My son!—My son!"
Whispered the mourner in that tender tone
Which woman in her sternest agony
[illegible] the pang of those she loves—
"*The soul!—the soul!*—to whose charge yield you that?"
"*To God who gave it.*" So that trusting soul,
With a slight shudder, and a lingering smile,
Left the pale clay for its Creator's arms.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

In relation to the life of Prince Talleyrand, a brief notice of which we furnished last week, a correspondent says:

Whoever the author of this book may be, he has certainly no disposition to exhibit this great diplomatist in a very favourable light. Talleyrand is held forth as a monster of iniquity. From his earliest youth, he is depicted as perfidious and treacherous. The heartlessness with which he committed his debaucheries, his numerous female intrigues and his base seductions, are such, if we could possibly believe them, as to excite in our minds indignation and disgust. That the Bishop of Autun has been a great intriguer, we have no doubt. That he has deceived many a fair one, we would not for a moment call in question—and that many a mistress has mourned over his faithlessness, we are prepared to believe; but we cannot suppose that he has been so dissolutely wicked as our author represents in the case of the three sisters.

So much for the private life of the Prince. In his public career we tread upon safer ground; and here we have an opportunity of seeing the man in a position in which, whatever might have been his motives, his acts certainly deserve the regard of the French nation. As a member of the first National Assembly, he showed himself a patriot. He took the popular side, and on the part of the clergy made great sacrifices. Our space will not admit of going into detail in relation to the matter of this work. It must suffice for us at present to say, that the volume contains a great deal of information on the subject of the French Revolution, and many interesting anecdotes of various personages who figured during that eventful period.

The annexed extract will show in what estimation the author holds Talleyrand's character, in early life:

"When scarcely freed from the trammels of childhood, M. de Talleyrand had to hear the determination of his parent, who destined him irrevocably, and without consulting his own choice, to the ecclesiastical profession. Having become one of the inmates of the institution called the College of Louis le Grand, his teachers and superintendents were not long in discovering that he had the great acuteness of perception, lazy disposition, and indifference to what may be said of him, which, almost in equal shares, constitute even now the main ingredients of his nature. Some even were wont to affirm that in their young pupil there existed a predominant bias somewhat akin to a strong instinct of depravity. It is said, that, in 1767, when he was scarcely thirteen years of age, he had become at the same time, the pride and shame of the school, being publicly reprimanded for unpardonable irregularities and, almost in the same breath, rewarded with the first prize of merit and value. This was doing out strict justice to him, according to the rule of Machiavel, who says, he could have wished that Rome, after having lavished honours upon the last of the Horatii, had decreed that the murderer of the sister Camilla should have been hurled from the Tarpeian rock. But, perchance, in such extremities, M. de Talleyrand might have found the means to remain suspended in the air. Nevertheless, it did not so happen to him, in the literal sense of the word, as will soon be discovered."

For the Saturday Evening Post.

AN EVENING AT NIEL'S—NO. 1.

Sir Oracle, Fustian, and Squibb, seated around a table in the back room, before empty glasses.

Fustian.—John, three glasses of ale, out of the middle of the barrel; the last you brought us tasted of the cask.

Squibb.—And hear, John, bring me a cracker, on a tin cover. I hold with Franklin, that when a man is thirsty he should eat.

Fustian.—And when he is hungry, drink—*i. e.* reverse nature.

Sir Oracle.—Franklin never uttered so preposterous a sentiment.

Fustian.—Not so fast, Sir O., Franklin did say, that labouring persons and others, after severe exercise, would derive great advantage from eating a small quantity of substantial food, instead of creating a temporary excitement by drinking fermented liquors or ardent spirits. He proved that fact by experience, when he was a journeyman printer in London.

Sir Oracle.—There you are right, and the explanation shall suffice. Now tell me what you have read during the past week.

Fustian.—"The Adventures of Thomas Singularity," by Professor Nott.

Squibb.—And you found it—

Fustian.—Mere trash—without point, humour, wit or sentiment. A rigmarole of Bacchanalian adventures, in the highest degree discreditable to the fraternity of printers; whose fair fame is sullied by the author. The Knapsack tales are less objectionable, though equally destitute of merit.

Squibb.—And yet the book has been highly spoken of.—All our dailies have puffed it.

Fustian.—True. But then consider that the author is a *Professor*. Published anonymously, the work would have been d——d.

Sir Oracle.—You do injustice to Professor Nott; he is a man of erudition and fine talents, but has mistaken his line; an error by no means uncommon. I believe him capable of writing a good work on science, but in the field of humour, his wit is as tough as sole leather, and as dry as a horse bean. Have you read Bulwer?

Fustian.—Yes; and as much as it grieves me to make the humiliating confession, I go with the world in regard to its merits—it is an effort worthy of a great genius.

Squibb.—Rather pedantic, however.

Sir Oracle.—Pedantry is natural to a man of superior talents; and where the existence of genius is not questioned, but freely admitted and generally admired, it is not out of place. Bulwer is an author of great power, almost qualified to take the place of Scott, as a prose writer, though not as a poet. His leading fault is licentiousness; but that is the fault of the age.

Fustian.—But is it right for a great author to acquiesce in a popular error?

Sir Oracle.—That is an important question, of which we will speak hereafter. Let us first hear from Squibb, in relation to Stephen Moreland.

Squibb.—As flat as stale beer—wretched, horrible trash. A dissertation on antimasonry and Hickoryism. The lawyer, who wrote it, should be compelled to swallow the MSS. in pills.

Fustian.—Bless me! Squibb has gone mad.

Sir Oracle.—Indiscriminate censure, is just as erroneous as indiscriminate praise. The author of Stephen Moreland has some good qualities, and many faults. He has introduced too many characters—his incidents, though numerous, are not sufficiently striking; and he has failed in giving interest to his plot. Nevertheless, he writes with considerable facility, and some of his dialogues are quite spirited. But what is your opinion of Dr. Rush's Hamlet?

Squibb.—The language of the play is good, though it is not suitable for the stage. The preface I have not read; I am told it savours of medicine.

Fustian.—Medicine and tragedy! Heaven save us—what are we coming too!

Sir Oracle.—Very good things in their places, but bad associates. Dr. Rush alleges that truth and fiction ought to be kept separate, and the same remark applies with equal force to medicine and the drama. But it is Squibb's opinion that we want, and until he has read the preface, he is incompetent to give one. Let us defer the subject until our next meeting.

[Ex. On

NEW YORK.—The official returns of the late election for Governor, give the following result:—for Marcy 181,900—for Seward 169,008. Jackson majority 12,892, or 13 out of every 350 votes given.

DELAWARE.—John M. Clayton, one of the Senators from this state, has given notice of his intention to resign his seat in Congress, on the assembling of the Legislature in January next. Mr. Clayton is anti-Jackson in politics; a majority of the Legislature of Delaware are also anti-Jackson.

VIRGINIA.—The Legislature of this state assembled at Richmond on the 1st instant. In the Senate, Geo. C. Dromgoole, was re-elected Speaker, without opposition. In the House, there was a warm and close contest between Mr. Banks, the late Speaker, and Mr. Parker, (anti-Jackson.) The former was elected by a small majority.

An election for State Printer was entered into on the 6th instant. The vote stood as follows:—In the House, Samuel Shepherd, (anti-Jackson,) 74; Thos. Richie, (Jackson,) 54. In the Senate—Richie 18, Shepherd 13. Joint vote, Shepherd 87, Richie 75—majority for Shepherd 12.

GEORGIA.—The Hon. John P. King has been re-elected to the U. S. Senate, by the Legislature. The vote stood—for King 154—for Gilmer 80. Col. Alfred Cuthbert has also been elected to the U. S. Senate, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Forsyth. He received 180 votes. Both gentlemen are Jackson in politics.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—In the Legislature of this state, the opposing parties stand as follows:

Senate.		*House.*	
State Rights,	32	State Rights,	93
Union,	13	Union,	31
Majority,	19	Majority,	61

NORTH CAROLINA.—Daniel L. Swain has been re-elected Governor, by a vote of 97 to 89, cast for Wm. D. Mosely. Gov. Swain is a moderate Jacksonman. Resolutions instructing Judge Mangum, one of the U. S. Senators from this state, to sustain the measures of the National Administration, have passed the Legislature.

MISSISSIPPI.—A Democratic Convention assembled in Jackson, on the 3d ult.; Gen. Thomas Hinds, was appointed President. Martin Van Buren, of New York, was nominated as a candidate for the Presidency, and Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, for Vice President, subject to the decision of the National Convention, to which delegates were elected. Mr R. J. Walker, was nominated for U. S. Senator, in the place of George Poindexter. The Convention passed resolutions in opposition to the U. S. Bank, nullification, secession, and the land bill of Mr. Clay.

MISSOURI.—Dr. Linn has been re-elected to the Senate of the United States, by the Legislature of this state. The vote stood—Linn 75—scattering 19.

TRIAL FOR MURDER.

Commonwealth, vs. John Hassan and Thomas Langdon.	Court of Oyer and Terminer. December 5, 1834, before Judges King and Ferguson. Indictment for Murder of Edw. Smith.

The prisoners were indicted for having killed Edward Smith, by beating him with a stick and by kicks, bruises, &c. Mr. DALLAS, Attorney General, opened the case on behalf of the Commonwealth and the following testimony was adduced:

JOHN DICKERSON, Coroner, *sworn*.—On the evening of July 21st, I was sent for to hold an inquest on the body of Edward Smith, near 12 o'clock at night, near the corner of Willow and Factory streets, near Schuylkill; not being able to get a proper jury, I secured the body 'till morning; early in the morning of next day, I summoned a jury; on the left ear and temple were marks of severe blows, as if made by a bludgeon; a mark upon the neck, of a bruise, a spot or two a little discolored upon the breast and body; when I first saw him, he was lying 20 yards distant from any house; the nearest house was a small dwelling with shop adjoining; we took him into that for examination; there was some blood, but not a great deal, upon his clothes in front; he was off the street, upon a vacant corner; I saw no weapons of any description; I did not see either of the defendants that I know of; I saw them at the Mayor's office within a few days afterwards; there was no appearance of intoxication about the corpse; a young man about 24 years of age; I saw no signs of dissipation about him; I had not known him before.

Dr. Elkinton held a *post mortem* examination.

Cross examined. I could not say, from the appearance of a dead body, if a death had been occasioned by liquor; the deceased might or might not have been under the influence of liquor at the time of his death; I don't remember how he was dressed; he had on his clothing; I saw no other marks that I know of; a black and blue mark upon the neck or throat; about the size of a cent externally, but internally it looked much worse, we stripped him to make the examination; I probably strip a hundred a year to examine; in all deaths not accounted for, I strip to ascertain the cause; I don't remember any marks lower than the breast; it was the south west corner of the streets.

DOCTOR JOHN A. ELKINTON, *affirmed*. I examined the body of Edward Smith on July 22d last, together with my brother; there was no external injury on the head; deceased had a thick head of hair; a wound was perceptible anterior to and below the left ear, over the seat of the blood vessels supplying the brain; on the left side of the head there was a quantity of coagulated blood; on the left parietal bone, the result of recent violence; in sawing thro' the skull blood leaked out of almost every part of the surface; when the brain was exposed, the whole surface was injected with blood; the left hemisphere, corresponding with the left temple, was filled throughout all its convolutions; the base of the brain was also highly injected; I think there were marks of bruises on the left side of the neck and chest; I think the injury in the brain caused the death; it was amply sufficient; I had never seen the man before; I saw no other cause of death; it was about 10 o'clock I imagine, I was engaged nearly an hour in the examination.

Cross examined. There were many persons present at the examination in a blacksmith's shop; it was before the Coroner's Jury; I believe we examined the lungs; I don't recollect their appearance exactly; I think they were healthy; there was nothing in them to indicate a cause of death; I don't think any bones were displaced or dislocated; as a general rule, a blow sufficient to produce death, would indent or deface the bone, but this man had an extraordinarily thick head of closely matted hair.

JOHN PLUNKETT *sworn*. I did not know Edward Smith; I came down from my own house when I heard the rumpus and noise; I saw Smith coming up, to make a motion as of striking Hassan; this was on the commons at Willow street; Hassan retreated and his brother came up and struck the deceased with his hand or fist and knocked him down; John Hassan then said his brother should knock him down and he could kick him, and he did kick him when he was down upon the ground; he kicked him upon some part of the head; Langdon was there but I did not see him do any thing; after he was kicked, he made some motion to rise; I never saw him on his feet afterwards; I was ten or fifteen yards distant; I went up afterwards and saw that he was dead; it was not many minutes after; not three minutes; John Hassan and I helped to carry him up to the blacksmith's; it was a pretty gloomy night; about 20 minutes before 11 o'clock or after, when he was brought to the blacksmith's; I saw no one strike the deceased, but John Hassan and his brother Michael; John was taken that night; I did not know Smith at all; I had seen John Hassan that night at George Garner's; they had music and dancing there; there was some man came in and took the fiddle and gave the fiddler some money; he walked out of the door and the fiddler followed; John Hassan said he would have the fiddle back; I can't tell who it was that took the fiddle; I then went home and staid till I heard the noise; it was about half an hour afterwards.

Cross-examined. There was a great crowd; more than a dozen; I'm sure there was liquor drunk by the company; Langdon was not in the room at that time; Smith struck at Hassan in anger; Smith was a stout, chunky man, stouter than John Hassan; I did not see Langdon take part in the fight; I had known him before that; he had lived with me and was a nice quiet man; he had boarded in my house four or five weeks; after it was over I saw Langdon; he said he had done nothing and was not afeard.

I knew Michael Hassan; he was a small man, not so large as Edward Smith; Michael struck him on some part of the face when he knocked him down; Smith fell flat upon the ground; I cannot tell who it was that was shouting and making the noise; I went for the Doctor and brought him down; I had known John Hassan going on two years; I never saw any thing of him that was not upright and decent; he was a peaceable man; Hassan followed working on the coal wharves, Smith followed boating and Langdon shoemaking.

JAMES ROGERS, *sworn*. I knew Edward Smith; I was down at Red Banks at the time of his death; I came to the city between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning; I went out to Willow street to get a dog and saw Edward Smith dead; I then said perhaps the men that made the threats are the men that killed him; these are not the men who made the threats I had never seen John nor Michael Hassan before; I'd know the men who had made threats if I'd see them; I've never seen them since; the threats were made about two weeks previous to the occurrence.

JOHN H. NUNNEVILLER, *sworn*. I knew Edward Smith; I last saw him that night at the dance house. John Hassan said he was the man that had knocked him down and that such a little man as himself had knocked down a large man; he then kicked him somewhere about the head and neck; Smith was lying down upon his back; after Hassan kicked him he lay still as if dead; I did not see him offer to get up, he went alongside and said now he was made of him he could jump on him. I heard some of the men say Edward Smith was dead and I went for the police officers; I saw Edward Smith dancing around in the house; no quarrel took place that I saw; it was not Smith who took away the fiddle the very first. I saw was John Hassan kicking Edward Smith; I don't know Thomas Langdon; when Smith was dead, John Hassan came up to him and said who killed this man, whoever killed him ought to be taken up and then he wiped the face that was at the blacksmith shop; some young man answered him that he was the man; John then looked up and cleared out; I did not hear Smith speak while lying upon the ground; it was a dark looking night; I did not know Michael Hassan; I then followed boating, I now do anything.

JAMES SMITH, *sworn*.—I did not know Edward Smith; I saw his body that night; saw him in the fight; I was passing by, heard a noise, saw Smith lying on the ground, John Hassan kicking him; a man lifted him up and he made a pass at John Hassan when Michael Hassan struck him and knocked him down; John said well done brother, if you can knock him down, I can kick him; I never saw him get up again; in a few moments afterwards I caught hold of his leg and he felt as if dead; I believe he was dead; I saw no one but the Hassans strike him; I don't know Langdon; don't know that I saw him that night; I had not lived at that [illegible]; I never heard Edward Smith speak to my knowledge; I never heard John Hassan say any thing about it; he was standing on the ground when the doctor was there.

AARON OGDEN, *sworn*.—I saw John Hassan and Edward Wood, dancing; while they were dancing, some one they called Captain, came in, bought the fiddle for two dollars, went away; John said he would not give up till he had his dance out, he followed the man to Bank street, and said he would whip any Captain on the Schuylkill. John then came back, and he and another man had some words, and Edward Smith wanted to pacify them, finding he could not pacify him, Edward said, if you will go, you may go to hell; then Hassan and this other man had a scrimmage; the man got loose and went towards Pine street; Smith turned on the other corner of the house and Michael Hassan followed him; just as he got round the corner I heard a blow struck, and looked round and saw Smith lying on the ground and Michael standing by; some one raised Smith on his feet, and he made a pass at Michael, who drew off and knocked him down; several persons kicked and cuffed him about, some one whom I took to be Edward's friend, threw a brick bat; they ran after and seized him, and he shouted murder; Edward raised upon his hands, and John Hassan gave him a kick somewhere about the neck; he then fell back and arose no more; John Hassan made an offer to kick again; I asked him if he was not satisfied now he had killed the man; I can't tell what he said—he was wild and intoxicated as if he had been on a spree all day; the body was then removed to the smith's shop; John Hassan assisted to carry him up, and said the man could not be dead as his head was as hot as his own; in the course of all this, I did not see Edward Smith strike a blow; I never heard from the Hassans the cause of their attack.

Cross examined.—I should suppose there were half a dozen kicking Smith, when he tried to get up; I saw Langdon and John Hassan there; I can't say that Langdon took part in the fight, they appeared all to be of one company except Smith; the house where Michael Hassan boarded, was searched; I've never seen him since that night; I missed him about the time Smith died; John Hassan held Smith's head in carrying him up.

HENRY SIMMONS *sworn*. Details the same as the other witnesses; witness was the one that raised Smith when he made the pass at Michael Hassan; Michael struck him under the chin and knocked him down; then John Hassan picked up a stone which he threw at Smith and hit him in the left ear; John had kicked him one or two kicks on the side; in the road three or four different persons kicked him; he tried to get up and just as he raised, John threw the stone and then jumped upon his breast and walked off; I said he was dead and we'd take him to my shop for fear he would recover; he was dead and the blood stopped running. Langdon was there but I did not see him do anything. Edward Smith was speechless all the time; nobody was taking his part.

James O'Neil, James Keelan, Roger Dougherty and Thomas Hassan, severally testified to a knowledge of John Hassan as an industrious, quiet, peaceable and civil man. The Jury immediately returned a verdict of THOMAS LANGDON *not guilty*, and JOHN HASSAN *guilty of murder of the second degree*.

Counsel for Commonwealth, GEORGE M. DALLAS, Esq. Attorney General.

For Langdon, JOSEPH M. DORAN, Esq.

For Hassan, [illegible] and BENJAMIN RUSH, Esqs.

From the Boston Transcript of Wednesday.

TRIAL OF THE CONVENT RIOTERS.

The trial of the Convent Rioters commenced yesterday, at East Cambridge. The Court decided that they should be tried separately, and John R. Buzzell, brickmaker, of Charlestown, was put to the bar, charged 1st, with the commission of arson during the night time; 2d, with intent to steal, having at the time in his possession, a dangerous weapon; 3d, with breaking and entering with intent to burn. Each of the offences is punishable with death.

The District Attorney, after opening the case, called as the first witness, Mary Anne Ursula Moffat, otherwise called Mary Edmond Saint George, the Lady Superior of the Ursuline Community. This lady appeared in Court in the costume of her order, and closely veiled. One of the Counsel for the prisoner (Mr. Farley) expressed a desire that she should unveil. With this requisition the witness hesitated to comply, but on being informed by the Court that it was absolutely necessary for her to do so, in order that her voice might be distinctly heard, she reluctantly removed the veil from her features, and gave the following testimony, as reported by the Atlas:

I am the Superior of the Ursuline Community in this State. I had the entire jurisdiction of the institution at Charlestown. Have held my present rank ten years. There was a school in our establishment, of which I was the director. On Thursday preceding the day on which the outrage was committed, I was told that the Convent would be pulled down, and on the Saturday following, several papers were sent to the institution concerning the "mysterious lady." On Sunday one of the Selectmen of Charlestown called upon and told me the Convent would be destroyed if the "mysterious lady" could not be seen. By the "mysterious lady" I understood him to mean Miss Harrison.

On Monday the Selectmen, five in number, came, and were shown over the whole establishment. They remained three hours, and searched the building from the cellar to the highest apartment, looking into every box—even the paint boxes; also into all the drawers and closets. Two of the sisters went with me; one of these was the "mysterious lady," Miss Harrison.—I do not know whether the outbuildings were examined. The Selectmen went away at about six in the afternoon, and at a little after nine, I heard a great noise on the Medford road, and distinguished the words, "Down with the Convent! down with the Convent!" I sent to tell the community that I thought we were in danger.

There were fifty-four pupils, from the age of six to eighteen years, and ten sisters in the establishment at this time. Two of the latter were novices. One of the sisters has died since. When ladies take the white veil as novices, they also assume a name different from that which they have borne in the world, and by this second name they are ever after called in the community. After I had alarmed the inmates of our house, I went into a room on the second story, opened the window, and asked the people outside what they wanted. I told them they were disturbing the peaceful slumbers of the pupils, some of whom were the children of their most respectable fellow citizens. They then asked to see "the nun that had run away," and I went up to fetch her, but found her lying insensible in the arms of four of the sisters. She had fainted with fright. I returned to the window, and told the people that this was the case. She was incapable of showing herself to them that night, but if they would come the next day, they should receive every satisfaction.

I also told the mob that the Selectmen had examined our institution and were satisfied; but if they (the mob) were not satisfied, they might come on the following day and investigate for themselves. I said the report of the Selectmen would appear in the Morning Post. They replied that all I said was false; that they had one of the Selectmen with them; and that he had opened the gate for them. They asked if we were prepared to receive them; and I told them that did not concern them. I did not wish them to know that our male domestics had left us. The mob shortly after this went away, saying, they would not return till Thursday, when they would pull down the convent.

Before they went, they fired a gun from under a willow tree near the house. I told them at the time they were making a noise, shouting and screaming, that my sister was ill of a consumption, and that the state of alarm they had thrown her into would cause her death. They replied "so much the better." My sister is since dead. When they were gone, I thought there was no longer any cause for apprehension, and told the pupils and sisters to retire to their dormitories. They had no sooner done so, than the men returned and began to break the fence to make a bonfire.

At this time, Mr. Runey, the Selectman, came up with another person and told me he did not think he could quell the mob, but if I and the pupils would throw ourselves on his protection, he would do the best he could for us. I told Mr. Runey if he wished to show himself friendly to us, to go and tell the people to desist from breaking the fences. He said he would go and do all in his power to prevent them. About five or six minutes after this I heard renewed shouts of "down with the convent," and I then told the pupils and sisters it would be best for them to go to the summer house, but before the former had time to leave their dormitories, the mob commenced breaking the doors and windows.

I went to each of the dormitories afterwards to see if all the pupils had escaped. I called at every door and found they were all gone. I then went down to my own room, in which was a drawer containing valuables, but when I opened the door, I saw the mob had already entered. I turned to go away, and saw 20 or 30 men in the same passage with me; they were about 10 or 20 feet from me. I then went to the summer house, where I found about 40 of the pupils, some in their fright having climbed over the fence and gone to Mr. Cutter's; I sent the remainder after them, and went myself to Mr. Adams's, whither all the pupils were eventually brought.

I never recovered any of the property of the institution, excepting a few articles of very small value. There was a desk in my room containing upwards of $1000. The desk was locked. The money was in United States notes and silver. It belonged to, and formed part of the receipts of the institution.—I had not accounted for it, because the time had not arrived for me to do so. I was the last person who quitted the house, and fully satisfied myself that none of the pupils remained in the dormitories.

Miss Harrison was called the "Mysterious Lady," in consequence of a paragraph which appeared in a newspaper. She left the convent without my knowledge, on the 28th of July, at four in the afternoon, and was absent 24 hours. She was brought back by her brother and Bishop Fenwick. The Bishop interfered at my repeated solicitation. Miss Harrison's conduct was caused by weakness of mind, great debility, and fever of the brain. These complaints resulted from excessive application to music. She gave fourteen or fifteen lessons per day, each lesson occupying twenty-five minutes or more. When she returned, she appeared much excited, and said "she did not know what it all meant."—The property destroyed in the institution, was worth about $50,000.

The Spanish children, of whom there were three, had a great quantity of jewelry. Each pupil comes provided with silver plate. There were four harps in the establishment, worth about 3 or $400 each; nine or ten pianos, three quite new, worth from $350 to $370 each, and a harmonicon that cost $110. Our chapel contained articles of silver; a silver ornament was shown to the witness, and recognized by her as being the pedestal upon which the cross stood previous to the destruction of the institution; it was presented to the community, she said, by the archbishop of Bordeaux.

The Court here adjourned till to-morrow morning, at 9 o'clock.

SECOND DAY.

On opening the court yesterday morning, Mrs. Moffatt was called, and her examination concluded. The cross-examination took some time and was very close.

Mary Ann Barber and Elizabeth Harrison, two nuns, were also examined.

Bishop Fenwick was also called. When about to be sworn, he asked the reason why a different form was adopted in his case from that adopted in the case of witnesses in general; to which Judge Shaw replied, that it was supposed a Catholic felt more strongly bound by an oath on the Evangelists than any other. The Bishop said this was an error, but concluded to take the oath in the form proposed. His testimony was exceedingly interesting, containing much information respecting different Catholic institutions, the Jesuits, &c. &c.

THIRD DAY.

Several witnesses were examined who confirmed the evidence before given.

Dr. Thompson, of Charlestown, the regular attending physician of the Convent, stated that he had, previously to the riot, attended an Irish servant man belonging to that institution, for bruises and injury received some time ago, by blows from the prisoner at the bar. He also gave an account of the case of Mrs. St. Henry, the nun lately deceased; her case was that of consumption, and Dr. Thompson had no doubt her death was accelerated by the riot; he visited her the afternoon before, when she was in her usual health; he did not then think she would ever recover, but he thought she would live a year or more.

[illegible] and others sworn and attested the presence of the prisoner as a ringleader in the riots. Henry Buck was then called as the State's evidence, and testified that he knew the destruction of the Convent to be in agitation sometime before it took place. There were two meetings of the rioters at a School House near the Convent, about two weeks previous to the riot; at the first meeting there were not more than twelve persons present, who talked of sending out to get assistance and proceeding on that night to the work, but concluded to defer it. The second meeting, three or four days afterwards, was composed of about thirty persons. Witness was positive John R. Russell was not at the first meeting, but did know about the second. At the second meeting it was proposed to do the job on that night, but Kelley, (one of the prisoners indicted) dissuaded them, proposing that they should wait three weeks, in order that the mysterious lady might be liberated. In about two weeks, however, the witness went to the Convent where he found a crowd collected, and saw Russell actively engaged in the work of destruction, urging on the rioters, &c. The Court then adjourned.

FOURTH DAY.

The Boston Courier of Saturday says, "the examination of Buck, the State's evidence, was continued yesterday, showing that himself and the prisoner took quite an active part in the riot.

Lorenzo Burbank, Horace Littlefield, James Hogan, James Logan, and Walter Balfour, were examined and testified to different facts connected with the riot, and identifying the prisoner as having been concerned in it."

MAJOR DOWNING.

To my old friend Mr. Dwight of the New York Daily Advertiser.

WASHINGTON, Dec 6, 1833.

I suppose you have read the message long afore this, and begin to think the time aint far off when we shall all on us be called on to give the Frenchmen a stirrin' up, for not paying us that just debt they owe us.

I wish I could write French as well as I can American, for then I'd sit down and give Louis Philip my notions about this business, for I am plaguily afraid he and his folks don't know as much about the natur of this country as they ought to know.—If they or any other nation think that because we differ in opinion here among ourselves on home matters, we are goin to carry our differences into foreign matters, they are amazinly mistaken.

War aint kalkilated to bring much profit to any nation, especially to our nation as things now stand, but it will never do to look to profit or loss account in a business of this natur.

The Frenchmen owe us five millions of dollars and they must pay it, or we must try and get it out on 'em if it costs five times the sum. The mode of doing this, is for Congress to say. If Congress says, "*wait a spell,*" I for one of the people, *agreed.*—If Congress says, take French property enuf to pay the debt, I say *agreed;* and then if the Frenchmen do any thing in turn that looks like war, and Congress says "*go at 'em now boys,*" I for one say, "I am ready,"—and if any man may think he can do more good at the head of a Brigade of Militia than I can, he is welcome to my sword and cock'd hat, and I'll take his place in the ranks, I don't want a better place to do my duty to my country, than that.

I think it is the duty now of every man on this point, to drop all politics. Every man to be sure has a right to give his opinion in Congress or out of Congress, as to the *best mode* of settlin this business; but, when once that Congress has ordered what is to be done, then my notion is for all parties to shake hands and stand by the Government, an it it comes at last, to the point, AND WAR IS THE WORD, then off coat and go at it, and have no disputing among ourselves till we have thrashed the enemy.

If Congress should agree with the Gineral, that the best course, in case Frenchmen don't pay us, is to take French property on the ocean, I suppose the Frenchmen who lose their property, will think it mighty hard in us; well if they do, they will understand exactly how our merchants felt some 30 years ago when their property was taken from them—it aint a good tasted dish any way.

Howsomever, I have a notion, that the best way arter all to bring the Frenchmen to their senses, is to stop all trade with em, till they settle all old accounts. This is a peacable mode, and they'll soon find out we can give up their ribbons, and ruffles a little better than they can give up our Cotton and Tobacco, 'tis amazin to see how much good solid articles go from this country to France, and paid for in fashions and trash, that aint worth, when you raly come to look close into 'em the expense of bringing out.

Some will say that our Cotton and Tobacco will go to France thro' other countrys;—well, let 'em go so—The French cant do without 'em, and will have to pay so much the more for 'em. And then, agin some will say that French silks and ribbons and gew gaws will come to us thro' other countries, and if needs be will be called "English" or "Italian" or "Swiss" or "Spanish," but there is a rod in pickle for all that—If I and the Gineral only come out with a proclamation to our women and galls, and ask 'em to drop all use of French goods, the jig will be up with Frenchmen at once—they may deceive our Consuls and Collectors, but they cant deceive our galls, for they can tell a French hat and French ribbons and French flummery as far as you can throw a club.

If any one thinks our galls aint got patriotism enuf in 'em for this, when they come to understand the natur of the business, they will be as much mistaken as Commodore Hardy was last war off Stonington.—Some one went off and told Hardy the yankees had but two guns, but had no flannel to make cartridges with, and that was true enuf; so he brought in his ships and began to blaze away, but as soon as our galls come to hear on't they turned to, and afore 12 o'clock there warnt a flannel petticoat left in all Stonington. Commodore Hardy got the hull on 'em about his ears in cartridges about the quickest I tell you. And arter that, when any one would tell him sich and sich a place had no flannel to make cartridges with, h'd scratch his head and say, but I a'm afraid they have got galls and flannel petticoats, and that's about the same.'

I don't mean to say nothin about home politics now till this French business is settled. My spunk is getting up a leetle about it—and I don't know but I shall brush up what little I once knowed of that lingo, and tell the 'parley voos' in their Congress 'up chamber' a thing or two perhaps they have forgotten about this country.

Your old Friend,
J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

MORE ROBBERIES.

On Thursday night week, the store of Mr. J. W. Patten, S. W. corner of Third and Vine streets, was entered and robbed. The villains procured admission through the cellar, lighted a candle and deliberately proceeded to secure such articles as they could carry. Being a leather store they obtained but little spoil. They carried off a small bag of copper coin and other articles of trifling value, and on retiring left their candle burning. Fortunately nothing took fire.

ANOTHER.—A few evenings since, the shop of a locksmith in the Northern Liberties was broken open. The object of the burglars was to obtain a large stock of keys of various sizes and forms. This they secured and decamped. This prize will enable them to unlock almost any door. Lock and key do not furnish sufficient security against these bold and reckless villains. The aid of a bar or a bolt should be added.

AND STILL ANOTHER.—The upper story store of Mr. Shaw in Third near New street, was robbed on Friday. A number of valuable articles were carried away. A colored man named Potter has been taken up on suspicion.

The frequency of these occurrences begins to be a subject of just apprehension. The depredations of the gang that now infests the city and suburbs should be at once and effectually checked, at what ever expense. Perhaps the first step towards this would be the arrest of the various vagrants that hang about the city. Whenever an able bodied man is found begging, particularly when he enters the house without leave to make his application, he should be taken up and committed.

The most fashionable colours at present prevailing at Paris, in gentlemen's dresses, are blue and bottle-green; the latter, when worn in dress coats, has ornamental buttons. Small waistcoats are also worn, and yellow gloves are the rage. Long outside coats are again in fashionable, and cossack pantaloons, stripped a la zebra, are very much the mode.

THE TREASURY REPORT.

The report of the Secretary of the Treasury upon the State of the Finances, recently laid before Congress occupies near eight columns of the National Intelligencer. From it, we learn that,

The balance in the Treasury on 1st Jan. 1834 was	$11,702,905,31
The receipts of the first three quarters, and the estimated receipts of the fourth quarter of 1834, are	20,624,717,94
Making an aggregate of	$32,327,623,25
The expenditures of the year are estimated at	25,591,390,91
Which will leave a balance on the 1st Jan. 1835, of	$6,736,232,34
From this sum however, must be deducted the amount of funds not available, estimated at	1,150,000,00
Leaving a real balance of	$5,586,232,31

In the estimates of the year, have been included, the remainder of the public debt which if not actually paid before the end of the year, has a fund prepared ready to meet it, so that on the 1st of January 1835, the entire public debt which in 1816, amounted to 123,000,000 dollars, will have been discharged.

The estimates for the year 1835, are as follows:

Receipts from customs,	$16,000,000
Public lands,	3,500,000
Bank dividends, and Miscellaneous receipts,	500,000
	$20,000,000,00
Which added to the balance on 1st Jan.	5,586,232 34
Will give as the total of means,	$25,586,232,34
Expenditures for the year,	19,683,541,52
Leaving a probable balance on 1st Jan. 1836 of	$5,902,690,82

Should however, the total amount of former appropriations that will be outstanding on the 1st of Jan. 1835, amounting to upwards of $6,000,000 be actually called for during the year, there will be an apparent deficiency on the 1st of January 1836. The Report proceeds as follows:—

This estimate of receipts is formed on the supposition that the value of imports during the ensuing year, and especially of those paying duties, will not differ essentially from the average value during the last three years. Though our population has, within that period, probably increased over one million; yet our manufactures and internal trade have probably increased nearly in an equal proportion, and this circumstance, coupled with the greater caution and frugality practised during the past year, and still continuing, will, it is believed, tend to prevent any considerable augmentation in the consumption or importation of foreign articles. Those during the three past years have, on an average, been about $111,038,142. The exports during the same year are estimated at $97,318,724, of which $74,444,429 were in domestic, and $22,874,295 in foreign products; being compared with the preceding year, an increase of $6,655,321, of which $3,802,399 were in articles of domestic, and $2,852,922 in those of foreign products. The average exports during the last three years have been about $91,719,690, of which $69,407,976 are the average in articles of domestic products, and $22,311,714 in those of foreign.

It will thus be seen, that the imports of the last year varied in amount $12,055,209, from the average of the three past years; and those paying duties are believed to have varied much less. It is, therefore, in connection with the reasons before named, considered safe to infer, that the imports of the ensuing year may not differ materially from that average. Should they not so differ, the revenue from customs will probably correspond in substance with that of the past year, except so far as it may be changed by the whole amount of all the importations, when compared with the above average. Because the classes and value of articles paying duty, for aught which is known, will probably be similar, and the rate of duties on them will not, by existing laws, be essentially altered till the 31st of December, A. D. 1835.

The revenue from the sale of public lands has been estimated at half a million more than the amount it was estimated for the current year, and one million more than the amount for 1833. This estimate would have been made still larger, had not the sales of the Chickasaw lands, which will probably exceed half a million of dollars, been pledged by treaty to other purposes, and not to the general revenue of the Government. This large computation is founded on the facts of the progressive increase for some time evinced; the sum actually received during the past year; the great quantity of new and saleable lands coming into market; the enlarged demand for them to satisfy the necessary wants of our growing population and of the emigrants from Europe, and the high prices which their produce fortunately obtains both at home and abroad.

The revenue from Bank dividends has been estimated at somewhat less than heretofore, in consequence of the sales of our Bank stock, under the act of July 10th, 1832, for the investment of the accruing income of the Navy Pension and Hospital Funds, having already amounted to 626,650 dollars, and on which the Treasury can now receive no dividends applicable to general purposes. It might, perhaps, be advisable to deduct a still further sum to meet any contingency like that of the present year, in which the United States Bank, without the consent of this Department, or the sanction of Congress, and without any fore-warning of its intention, seized on about 170,041 dollars of the estimated revenue from this source, and has since withheld it from the public Treasury.

In another part of the report, we have the following.

From the views before taken of the probable wants during the ensuing year for expenditures, and of the probable receipts to meet them, it has been stated, that, on the 1st of January, 1836, it was estimated, that there will remain a surplus of available funds of about $5,902,690 82 cents.

This result has been attained by considering the unavailable portion of our funds, then and now on hand, at the reduced sum of only about $1,150,000, instead of $1,400,000 as heretofore reported. But it may be desirable to Congress to know, that there is a prospect, during the ensuing year, of collecting some further portion of these funds. This will be accomplished, it is anticipated, by the appointment of some more active agents, by new compromises, and by more rigorous requirements in collections where property exists, so as to reduce further the whole amount from $50,000 to $100,000; and if this hope be realised, the above named available balance will to that extent be increased. A minute analysis and examination of these unavailable funds have recently been completed, and will be submitted in the supplemental Report, soon to be laid before Congress, on the present mode of keeping and disbursing the public revenue. But on the other hand, enlarged somewhat as this balance may happen to be from any causes, it should be remembered, that, on the 31st day of December, 1835, another reduction of 10 per cent. must, by the existing laws, be made from a part of the present tariff; and if the surplus in the Treasury, by a year from next January, should prove to be increased one or two millions, it could not with safety be regarded as too great for meeting, with a reduced rate of imposts on importations, the probable wants of A. D. 1836. At all events, such is the uncertainty on that subject, at this distance of time, that though something unusual in the latter part of A. D. 1836, may, in the way of final dividends on our portion of the capital of the Bank Stock be received, yet it is not now possible to foresee the contingencies that may check either the present large importations of merchandize or large sales of land, and consequently reduce the revenue derived from them; or that may require an increase in our Army or Navy expenditures, arising from those unfortunate collisions to which all nations are liable that feel disposed to sustain the faith of treaties, vindicate their public rights, and protect, efficiently, their commerce and citizens. No further reduction of the Tariff, until that already provided for at the close of the ensuing year, would, therefore seem to be prudent.

The reduction or increase of the Tariff is now referred to with a view to revenue alone, and not with a view to questions so much agitated heretofore, of protection, countervailing regulations, and the proper national policy to be pursued, as to the imported luxuries and necessaries of life. On those points it is considered far better for the real manufacturers themselves—not engaged in mere speculating investments—as well as for commerce, agriculture, and the revenue, that a policy should be selected, not unjust to either great interest or either great section of the Union, and, when once established, that frequent changes should be avoided, and the occasional increase or reduction of revenue, which may sometimes become proper for financial purposes, should be connected with articles wholly detached from the question of protection to manufactures. The Tariff, as to these troublesome points, is regarded as now adjusted, by the act of March, 1833, till the year 1842, except in respect to such new regulations as may be required, from time to time, for the due enforcement of the spirit of that act, or such other changes as new occurrences may satisfy the great mass of the community are rendered proper for earlier modifications, without a departure from the spirit of the compromise then intended among the friends of free trade and of high protection. A separate report on certain subjects relating to the due enforcement of the present Tariff, being in preparation, only one of them will now be adverted to. It is the evasion of the present duty on Silks from beyond the Cape of Good Hope, by their being first landed, and occasionally recolored, or restamped, in Europe, before imported into this country. In this way, and by the present discrimination in favor of European Silks, the revenue loses a very large amount. As some illustration of the loss by such discriminations, the recent one in favor of French Silks, alone, amounted to over $300,000 a year—and that now in favor of French Wines amounts to nearly $300,000 more—making a loss of over half a million a year, on these two articles with only one nation. But while on the other points independent of the spirit of the compromise of 1833, legislation may be regarded as still fairly opened, it certainly ought not to be attempted on so delicate and difficult a subject, unless imperative cases for it shall occur, whether combined or not with any increase or reduction of the tariff, that may become necessary, as a mere question of revenue, by the actual condition of our receipts and expenditures. So far from any increase being necessary at present, or prospectively, the balance now on hand in the Treasury, and the accruing revenue under existing laws, will, in the opinion of the Department, prove amply sufficient to answer all ordinary demands, and, united with our other resources, to answer any unexpected demands of no very extraordinary amount.

The Secretary recommends the coinage of pieces of gold of the value of one dollar, and considers that they will be particularly acceptable to the labouring classes. A piece of gold of that value would be of about the weight of a *six and a quarter cent* piece in silver, and any one can at once perceive that its liability to be lost from the pocket of a person who is hard at work, or, to be paid away through mistake at night for a silver piece, would render it far less convenient to him, than a silver dollar. We do hope that Congress will permit us in Pennsylvania, to enjoy the use of the few silver dollars that will remain in the country, from the necessity of the case, if we do not again resort to one dollar notes. The emission of one dollar gold pieces would drive silver dollars out of the country, just as fast as the former could be made at the mint, and we are not able to see how the security of the public would be increased merely by a man's being able to get a gold dollar instead of a silver dollar.

The report of the Secretary of War, which accompanied the President's message, is a sensible business paper, but it has omitted one important item, which in times like the present, when rumours of war are afloat, would have been acceptable. It says not a word upon the actual extent of our army, but refers to the reports "of the Major General and of other heads of bureaux," which are accessible to very few readers. In relation to the frauds committed on the pension fund, the Secretary enters into much detail, and intimates his belief that they *may* have been far more extensive than has been generally supposed. The means resorted to have embraced perjury, by which official attestations and seals of courts have been obtained, the transfer of seals from one document to another, and absolute forgery in the preparation of the whole papers. The extent of these frauds as far as discovered, has almost destroyed confidence in the validity of genuine certificates, and the Secretary urges an immediate revision of the laws, so as to prevent further impositions.

Upon the subject of the Indians, we are informed that the Cherokees have not consented to migrate to the West—that the number of Indians of various tribes which have been removed to the tract of land containing upwards of a hundred millions of acres set apart by the government for their permanent residence, is thirty thousand, and the number yet to be removed in conformity with existing treaties, fifty thousand. This extensive body of land which covers an area of 156,260 square miles, allows nearly two square miles to each Indian, if the native tribes, of which the number is not given, be omitted. It is deemed by the Secretary highly probable, that their proximity to the native tribes will lead to collisions with the latter, and we should also think with one another, and Indian wars will probably be carried on, until the race becomes extinct.

The Cumberland road, east of Wheeling, will soon be completed, and no additional appropriation will be required. An increase of the number of officers in the Engineer Corps is asked for. A re-organization of the Topographical Corps is recommended, and its being merged with the Civil Engineers suggested.

In reference to the Delaware Breakwater, an important fact as connected with the interests of the port of Philadelphia, is brought into view. It seems that for some time past, gradual depositions of sand have been made in the neighbourhood of the work, which have reduced the depth of the water, and during the present season, these have been so extensive in the artificial harbour, as to have excited serious apprehensions as to the result. A thorough examination into the matter by scientific men was made, but the substance of their report is not given. For the completion of this work $100,000 is called for, and has been included in the estimate of the Department.

The report of the Secretary of the Navy, containing little of importance save the ordinary annual statistics, we will for the present content ourselves with a brief account of its contents. The Navy consists of

Now building, six ships of the line and seven frigates.

In ordinary, five ships of the line, two frigates and six sloops of war.

In commission, one ship of the line, four frigates, eight sloops of war and six schooners.

Total, twelve ships of the line, thirteen frigates, fourteen sloops of war, and six schooners.

To complete those building, and repair those out of order $2,[illegible] will be required.

In addition to these, it appears that we may *commence the building* of five ships of the line, eleven frigates, seven sloops of war and two schooners!

Our vessels in commission during the past year have been employed, as heretofore, in protecting our commerce in the Mediterranean, in the West Indies, on the coast of Brazil, and in the Pacific Ocean.

Our naval force, consist of commissioned and warrant officers, petty officers, seamen, ordinary seamen, landsmen, and boys, amounts to 6,072: and our marine corps, under its new organization, will consist of commissioned officers, non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates, to the number of 1,283; making a total of 7,355.

The report informs us that the Dry Docks at Boston and Norfolk are fully successful, and recommends one at New York. It also recommends the construction of several steam batteries for experiments; the increase of the salaries of commanders on foreign stations; and the removal of the marine barracks out of the Navy Yards. It gives a statement of the Navy pension fund, its disbursements and the number of pensioners; it informs us that the surveys of the coast have been delayed by the transfer of that duty to the navy department and asks an appropriation of $30,000 for its prosecution; it states that the experiments on the safety of steam engines directed by Congress have not been made, and mentions that the scite of the Naval Asylum in this county has been ceded to the General Government by this commonwealth.

The report is an ordinary performance, containing nothing worthy of remark or praise, and written in a style that would neither have distinguished nor disgraced any of the clerks in the Department.

The Report of the Post Master General, is meagre and unsatisfactory. It is devoted almost exclusively to statements intended to exculpate the department from the charges recently brought against it. According to Mr. Barry's account, the Department was in debt, on January 1, 1831 $315,599 98

Postage from Jan. 1, to June 1, '33			$1,448,269 69
Expenses	do	do	$1,400,762 45
Balance			$47,507 24

This balance reduced the debt to $268,092 74. The retrenchment of expenses and the reduction of the debt is still progressing.

During the ensuing year the revenue to be yielded by the Department over its expenses, is computed at $270,000; and it is estimated that the whole debt will be discharged during the year 1835.

The number of post offices in the United States was, on the 1st of July last, 10,693, being an increase of 566 over the number reported last year.

The annual amount of transportation has been but slightly varied since the last report. The mail is now carried in stages and steamboats about 16,900,000 miles a year; and on horseback and in sulkies, about 8,600,000 miles, making together about 25,500,000 miles a year.

The Post Master describes the celerity of the mail as having been greatly increased by the construction of rail roads. He gives an account of the various lines from New York to Washington, and alleges that when they are finished, which period cannot be remote, the mail will be transported the whole distance in 16 hours!

The report is brief and written artfully and well. Its statements, indeed, are bold, its calculations still bolder, and the document, though short, is filled with the vindication of Mr. Barry; still it is plausible and business like, and will do well enough if the forthcoming congressional report does not shake it to pieces.

FROM JAMAICA.

By the brig Orbit arrived at New York from Kingston we have papers to the 14th ult. inclusive. We learn from them that "the peasantry are quiet, but will not work, either for love or money;"—that the prospect for the next crop was remarkably fine, but that there was reason to fear that at least two thirds of it would be lost for the want of common industry on the part of the labourers. In reference to the existing state of affairs in the West Indies, the Editor of the Despatch observes,—"we tell the British Government, that the manufacturers of London, Liverpool Sheffield, and Birmingham, must find other markets for their goods and merchandise; and also, that John Bull's revenue will sink SIX MILLIONS ANNUALLY, when he has not the means of meeting the loss; and his sailors must seek employment in foreign countries, as the 400,000 tons of shipping now employed in the West India Trade will no longer be required; and Great Britain, our once-favoured home, will be deprived of the means of perpetuating her greatness, by her Ships, her Colonies, and her Commerce; while those of her "natural enemy" are increasing in every part of the world."

The negroes generally refuse to work; there is every symptom of insubordination, and every reason to apprehend general revolt. Several incendiary attempts have already been made, and the Island appears to be on the brink of a tragedy bloody and horrible as that of St. Domingo.

From Demarara we receive intelligence equally alarming. Thirty six negroes have been capitally convicted out of thousands in a state of revolt. St. Lucia appears to be in a condition equally critical.

Dreadful Occurrence in Paris.—Some differences of a pecuniary nature had existed for some time between the Baron and Baroness P——, which had brought on a separation. The lady, an American, had brought her husband a fortune of 6,000*l.* a year, and inhabited a splendid mansion in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honore, Paris. It appears that recently a rapprochement had been effected, which was likely to lead to a complete reconciliation. The lady had gone to her husband's, or rather father-in-law's, chateau, near Senlis, the latter, a man eighty years of age, was violently opposed to the arrangement, which touched his pride, or what he called his honor. On Sunday week, in the morning, he entered his daughter in law's apartment, desired her to say her prayers and prepare to die, and immediately discharged at her one after another, four pistols. The balls entered above and below her left breast, cutting off three of her fingers; she fell, but had strength enough to raise and rush after the old man, whom she clasped, but who fled from her to his room, and there shot himself dead. The Baroness is still living and Dr. Marjolin, who had been immediately sent for, had [illegible] extracted three of the balls from her body. She retained her senses, but was not expected to survive her wounds. She is the mother of three children, and about forty years old. Such is the tragedy which has occurred, it is said in a family well known to most of those who have frequented the drawing rooms of the French capital.—*From a Paris letter.*

To a Beautiful Female Head by Guido.
BY C. H. BUTTAL, ESQ'RE.

Want thou a lamp of our earthborn race,
Or be descend it from some radiant sphere,
When Guido saw the seraph in the face,
And gave thee to the world, immortal here?
Is there a mortal power to paint any thing
We see of sorrow in that morning spot—
Has there a mortal power to paint that sigh
Up to the Heav'n of Genius in the glow
Of sacred thought, that breathes the thought
of angels through upon thy tranquil brow,
And wreathes the sunshine of thy spirit eyes—
All, answer—saying, but all pain answer?
We claim for earth, yet know thou of the skies,
And yield thy beauty not down to love.
Philadelphia, Nov. 1, 1834.

To J——C——e.

The leading beauty, that can my wants convince,
And for my future be a constant mistress;
For me can find a symmetry since ours,
Oh! say I in its friendship have a share. N. A. N.

AMERICAN SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, Dec. 13, 1834.

BUSINESS.

We received information, a few days since, that our papers sent to the post-office in Victor, N. York, have been sold by the postmaster to pay postage. The papers in question were the Offalo, and the Star, directed to Lewis Bannerman, F. Parr, and E. N. Parr. Acquainted with the character given by the postmaster, Mr. Broughton ceased calling for his papers. In September last, Mr. F. Parr, in August, 1833; and Mr. E. N. Parr in May, 1833—since which time the papers so delivered to the holder of the letters have been sold by the postmaster. A correct statement of the case will be forwarded to the department. We only have to add that the postmaster in question has refused to inform us of the refusal of our subscribers to lift their papers, but no such notice has been received at the office. It is impossible, therefore, for us to conceive any apology for the gross larceny and villainy which we have mentioned in this case. The matter, we hope, will be thoroughly investigated by the Post Office Department, for such abuses of power we can never submit to with patience.

In consequence of this information, and fearing further losses, we have discontinued to send to the office now sent to Victor post-office. The accounts of robbery since last January are as follows:

E. N. Parr, due 10 months,	$1 00
N. Watson, due 3 years and 4 months,	12 00
F. Parr, due 10 months,	1 00
Hiram Parke, due 2 years and 2 months,	6 00
Lewis Bannerman, 14 months,	3 00
Bostic Perkins, due 14 months,	3 00

We forwarded, some weeks since, bills to several subscribers in Lewisburg, Pa. On Monday last, the package was returned by the post-master. Under an apprehension that the individuals had no opportunity of seeing the bills sent, or learning the amount of their dues, we annex the following statement from our books:

Mr. Wm. McAlunan,	three years sub.	$9 00
Mr. A. King,	two & a half,	7 50
William Harris,	one & a half,	7 00
Jas. M. Hendricks,	one	3 00
Dr. A. Gilbert,	one	7 50
Messrs. Bingle & Reed,	one year,	3 00
Jas. McAlister,	two & a half,	7 50
N. Strother,		7 00
Col. A. G. Nelson,	one year,	3 00
Jas. M. Guthridge,	one year,	3 00

DEAFNESS.

Dr. Joseph Toynbee, of this city, has lately issued a pamphlet on the laws of acoustics, and on the anatomy and physiology of the ear, with the view of spreading useful information before persons afflicted with deafness. An abstract of seventy-six cases of persons cured of deafness is appended. Some of these cases are really wonderful, and they give strong encouragement to all who are similarly afflicted. Partial deafness seems to be regarded by Dr. Toynbee, as an affection that may be cured in almost every case of the kind, and we are but little disposed to doubt the assertion, after reading the very strong and unimpeachable testimony that is given. We would cordially recommend all who are suffering from defective hearing, to make application to Dr. Toynbee.

We trust that it is the intention of Col. R. M. Johnson, to renew before Congress his proposition to reduce the postage on letters and newspapers. The large number of citizens feel a deep interest in this matter, and they regard the exertions of Col. Johnson, in former sessions of Congress, in relation to this subject, as a sure guarantee that he will not be silent until the measure is accomplished. Postage on periodicals is a tax on knowledge, and all who are sincerely desirous of increasing the dissemination of useful information among the public at large, should aid in the removal of all checks to the free circulation of literary newspapers, magazines, &c.

We notice in the Port Deposit Courant, a statement signed Harriet G. Wills, in reply to certain grave charges which appeared against that individual in this paper, a few weeks since. The statement, which we are requested to publish, involves confessions of horrible enormities on the part of the lady in question for our columns. Wills has made the matter worse by his lame denial. The gentleman who made the charges against him, is a man whose honor and veracity are unimpeachable. We cannot perceive, even with Will's explanations before us, that he has sustained any injustice.

Governor Lumpkin has officially suprised the General Assembly of Georgia, that the case of Corn Tassel, an other execution, signed by Judge Baldwin, of the Supreme Court, in a case wherein another Indian confined in the Georgia Penitentiary is plaintiff in error. The Governor states that he cannot shake the constitutionality of the Legislature from the supposition that any special legislation will be necessary, but "reserves for the purpose of apprising the representatives of the people of Georgia, which already stands indicate the course of policy now in progress, and which will be persevered in by the adversaries of order and good government."

We understand that a large majority of the students belong to the University of Pennsylvania, have signed a paper addressed to the Trustees, calling for the removal of Professor Coxe, and expressive of their determination to absent themselves from his lectures on Materia Medica.

A dispute between two of the students, arising from this difficulty with Professor Coxe, resulted in a duel, which took place in Delaware, on Thursday morning. One of the young men is a native of this city, the other of Harrisburg. The parties fought with pistols, and were accompanied by a second, a surgeon and one or two friends. But one shot was exchanged. By the time the gentleman from Harrisburg was deprived of the use of the first finger of his right hand. A reconciliation was then effected by the seconds of the parties. We have the names of the parties, &c. but deem it improper to give them publicity. The young Hotspurs, we hope, will live long enough to see the folly of such transactions.

Mr. L. T. Pratt, an industrious and deserving manager of the Walnut Street Theatre, will take a benefit this evening. Shakspeare's Comedy of "As You Like it," will be performed, with Miss Jarman as Rosalind, and Mr. Ternan as Jacques. This will be the last appearance of these performers for some time.

ANOTHER ROUTE TO NEW YORK.—We learn that the Legislature of New Jersey has passed an act incorporating the opening of a new Rail-route between this city and New York, by the way of Trenton. This is a measure which will prove of immense public utility, and we trust it will be pushed forward with possible despatch.

The Express with the President's Message, arrived at New York on Wednesday morning of last week, *at a quarter before one o'clock*, having left Philadelphia a few minutes after eight. The whole distance from Washington to New York, was accomplished in about *thirteen hours and a half*. Messrs. Stockton and Stockton carried the message from the seat of Government to Havre de Grace, and Mr. Wilson King from that place to New York. The roads were in a very bad condition indeed, and those engaged in the business deserve great credit for their successful exertions.

THE NUN.

The Boston Traveller states that Miss Harrison, the nun who escaped from the Charlestown Convent, and whose unexplained return and detention there, it is supposed had no influence in producing the riot which ended in the destruction of that establishment, has been sent to a nunnery in Canada. Should she there become "insane" enough to disclose entire secretion from the world, and break away from the cloistered walls, the event would not be likely to be followed by any alarming riot or conflagration.

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

Our opinion has been asked us to the propriety of seeking a wife through the medium of the public papers, and feeling no disposition to withhold our sentiments when they may be of some service, we cheerfully devote a paragraph or two to the subject.

It is unquestionably a matter about which we shall not be said, especially if all solitional circumstances are taken into consideration. The doctrine of love at first sight, will be generally scouted, and we shall by all *our* regards undecided, in a general sense. Upon this matter each one is disposed to take his individual experiences as a guide, and it is in vain that his neighbor's opinions may be at opposite extremes of the scale. Love, strictly speaking, is undefinable. With one class of persons it means one thing; with a second class it means another, but we hold that it is an irresistible, uncontrollable feeling of our nature: others, that love, like a seed, may be planted; and if kindly nurtured, will grow; first as a tender plant, and eventually as a large tree. To these three various ideas we shall offer no remarks of our own, but confine ourselves strictly to the main point under consideration.

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In relation to those who are actuated by the other motive we have named, many mitigating circumstances may be advanced in extenuation. A man who has been three refused, because Susan was a little coquettish, because Anne thought she might do better, and because Ellen had an antipathy against whiskers, is rather to be pitied than blamed. He has done all he could to render himself agreeable—he has studied Chesterfield—read Cowper and Byron—acquired a taste for music, so as to be able to tell the difference between an overture and a base solo, and he has danced attendance upon at least two of the three Miss Fortunes, and knows that a tragedy is serious, and a comedy lively and gay. Perhaps, in addition to this knowledge, he has acquired the facility of arranging his locks, his cravat and his guard chain in the true fashionable style, and by reading newspaper paragraphs, become familiar with the name and leading incidents in the last new novel. When such a man is rejected—not once nor twice, but many times—there is but one proper reflection, and that is, he must be contained—personal application has proved unavailing, and of necessity he flies to the editor; there being, unfortunately, no offices in our city, save matrimonial engagements are negotiated *sub rosa*, for a guinea.

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THEATRICAL.

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Mr. Maywood, Mr. Scott, Mr. S. Phillips, Mr. Latham, and Mr. Hunt, have occupied the boards during the week. The ladies are especial favorites. Miss Watson has improved in every all beside. She is an exquisite singer, and a musical voice and a pretty face. In the old English ballads her skill and taste are admirable. As a performer, she evinces considerable genius. "Love in a Village," and "Charles the 12th," were performed on Wednesday evening, for the benefit of Miss Phillips. Mr. Latham took a benefit on Thursday, and appeared in the opera of Guy Mannering. The after piece was entitled Howbraza, in which Miss Watson sustained four characters.

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It may be taken for granted, that a man who solicitations for a wife, is actuated by one of two considerations; viz: either a desire to obtain a companion without trouble, or by a conviction, from sad experience, that all personal efforts would be fruitless.

In our opinion, the question of propriety or expediency, depends, in a great measure, upon the motive; and we will attempt to give the city and wherefore. We assume a priori, that the individual who fears to *trouble* himself with the details of courtship, is totally unfit for the society of ladies. Either his mind is wholly occupied with dollars and cents, interest and principal, or he has been negligent in cultivating those graces of conversation, and that ease and polish of manner, which are requisite for the parlor and drawing-room. Such persons, in addition, desire a mate without a wife, not as a bosom companion—not as the sharer of his joys, and the soother of his distresses, but as head of the house. Men who would be subject to such a feeling, like dogs would be spared even the small trouble of wagging their tails, and would be content to receive their evenings in darning stockings; and so far as regards the preservers of social intercourse, and the exchange of sentiments of affection with her husband, she might as well be united to a Kickapoo Indian. A man of this description imposes on the sex when he seeks a partner for a wife, and should be treated with sovereign contempt.

In relation to those who are actuated by the other motive we have named, many mitigating circumstances may be advanced in extenuation. A man who has been three refused, because Susan was a little coquettish, because Anne thought she might do better, and because Ellen had an antipathy against whiskers, is rather to be pitied than blamed. He has done all he could to render himself agreeable—he has studied Chesterfield—read Cowper and Byron—acquired a taste for music, so as to be able to tell the difference between an overture and a base solo, and he has danced attendance upon at least two of the three Miss Fortunes, and knows that a tragedy is serious, and a comedy lively and gay. Perhaps, in addition to this knowledge, he has acquired the facility of arranging his locks, his cravat and his guard chain in the true fashionable style, and by reading newspaper paragraphs, become familiar with the name and leading incidents in the last new novel. When such a man is rejected—not once nor twice, but many times—there is but one proper reflection, and that is, he must be contained—personal application has proved unavailing, and of necessity he flies to the editor; there being, unfortunately, no offices in our city, save matrimonial engagements are negotiated *sub rosa*, for a guinea.

In truth, this is a matter on which it is difficult to form a correct opinion. We cannot, however, but deem the course which we have to show our feelings on the subject, but we are by no means prepared to express a decided opinion that we will be willing hereafter to be found in the list of applicants for a matrimonial treaty. It is be wrong to advertise for a wife, it may not be wrong in all cases—if it be right, it may not always be right. If a bachelor were to ask us what to do, we would say, try in person, again—if a lady—but indeed never take counsel of gentlemen in such cases.

THEATRICAL.

Mr. Maywood's benefit, at the Chesnut st. Theatre, on Monday evening, was well attended; every part of the house being crowded to excess. The entertainments were excellent, and gave entire satisfaction.

Mr. Maywood, Mr. Scott, S. Phillips, Mr. Latham, and Mr. Hunt, have occupied the boards during the week. The ladies are especial favorites. Miss Watson has improved in every all beside. She is an exquisite singer, and a musical voice and a pretty face. In the old English ballads her skill and taste are admirable. As a performer, she evinces considerable genius. "Love in a Village," and "Charles the 12th," were performed on Wednesday evening, for the benefit of Miss Phillips. Mr. Latham took a benefit on Thursday, and appeared in the opera of Guy Mannering. The after piece was entitled Howbraza, in which Miss Watson sustained four characters.

Miss Jarman was eminently successful in Baltimore, and in Washington. On Thursday night, Mr. Reynoldson, late of the Park Theatre, has sailed for New Orleans, for the purpose of getting up several English operas at the American Theatre, in that city. Mons. Robert is at Mobile; Monsr. is at New York, giving entertainments at Clinton Hall; the Siamese Twins are at Columbia, S. C.; Knowles is at Albany, playing with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pelby; Deaves prodigy; Little Hall is at Baltimore; Eaton was at Portland the last advices; the Pittsburg Theatre has closed, and Mr. Wyman has arrive in the city, for the purpose of opening the Walnut Street Theatre about Christmas.

Celeste, says the New York Star, of Tuesday, had crowded houses and a brilliant audience last night, and proceeds this week to Philadelphia. Those who have not seen her, and we think there are but few, should embrace the occasion. She is full of talent and genius, and her foreign accent is speaking parts, lends considerable interest to her performance.

The play-wrights of the Bowery Theatre, have constructed a melo-drame, called "The Pirates of the Funda; or the Plunder of the Mexican," founded upon the deeds of the sea-robbers, now under sentence of death in Boston.

The American Theatre at New Orleans, opened for the season on the evening of the 24th ult., under the management of Messrs. Russell and Rowe. Mrs. A. Drake commenced an engagement the next evening. She personated Bianca, in the Italian Wife, to the Fazio of Mr. H. G. Pearson. Mrs. Knight was also engaged.

Carey, Lea & Blanchard have just published an edition of Rookwood, a novel, in two volumes by Ainsworth. We have not had time to read many of the pages, but notice that it is commended, in high terms, by the London critics, who are but little disposed to praise American works of merit. Dr. Turpin, the celebrated highwayman, is one of the characters in Rookwood.

CITY COUNCILS.—At a meeting of the City Coune is held on Thursday, a very interesting report on the subject of the extension of Market street was read by Mr. Merrick, the gentlemen engaged to visit Europe for the purpose of making examinations on the subject. It is of great length and enters into full details of the manufacture and uses of iron. The concluding portion is as follows:

1st. That all the information which has come to my possession either in Europe or in this country, has tended to increase the confidence I have possessed in the advantages of lighting by gas, will be found preferable to any other, as regards safety and convenience.

2d. That a "gas" manufactory, judiciously conducted as regards economy, will yield a handsome profit to its contractors.

3d. That the art of gas making has so far advanced at this day, as to place within our reach such information as will enable this city to entertain the measure with a feeling of perfect security as to the result.

4th. That the objections to the nuisance and fears expressed by many valuable citizens on a former occasion are either totally groundless or very easily obviated, and that the effects which will be produced by a judicious execution of the measure will be beneficial both in a moral and pecuniary point of view.

5th. That the improvements made within a few years past, render it an easy task so to construct the works as to avoid all danger from explosions or concussions from the oppressive nature of the process, or residual matters, connected with the manufacture of gas.

6th. That the works be constructed upon a moderate scale, commensurate with the immediate wants of the city, and made complete, but that land sufficient for the increase of the works should be appropriated for their extension, to satisfy the demand of all parts of the city, but that the drains and pipes be of such capacity as to ensure their aptitude for an increased future demand.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

The expiration of the charter of the Bank of the United States, will probably induce the incorporation of ten times the amount of capital now invested in that Institution. The passage of a new Bank, has been started in Pittsburg, Pa. It is designed, to have a capital of two millions.

Governor Wolf has appointed Edwin W. Hutter, Prothonotary of Lehigh County, vice Daniel Kuntz, Esq.

A Liberal citizen of New York has bought and presented to the Mayor of that city, a distinguish'd gentleman an elegant mansion in Hudson square, for which $20,000 was paid.

The New York open has within the last eight months gained a loss of near thirty thousand dollars! It is time to quit.

The speaker of the House of Representatives, has appointed Messrs. Kerr and Dromgoole, Democrats, Anderson of Delaware, and Irvin, to proceed to Philadelphia to investigate the charges of corruption in Eastern Penitentiary.

The change of the French Ministry, will probably result in an increase of the power and influence of the Autocrats claims, unless the menacing tone of the President of the United States, in his message to Congress, should have the effect to induce the Government into opposition. Governments as well as individuals generally find the policy dictated by passion to be destructive of their interests.

Coal has advanced in Boston from $6,50 and $7, to $8,50 and $9 per ton.

The packet ship Utica brought 25,000 gold Napoleons, on account of the Netherlands indemnity.

The Tree Bill has passed the House of Representatives of South Carolina, by a vote of 90 to 22, and has been sent to the Senate for concurrence.

The Rev. Ralph Mason, has been elected Rector of Christ Church, in the borough of Norfolk.

Mr. Wm. Wurtzer, proprietor of the Eagle Hotel, in Richmond, Va. committed suicide last week, by cutting his throat.

The amount of personal and real estate in Wayne county, including the city of Detroit, Michigan, is $28,538,000.

Post Captain Gedge, the poet, left for $3000.

An eel lately caught in the Schuilkl weighed 50 lbs.

FREEMASONRY.—A meeting of Freemasons of Harrisburg, was held on the 5th inst., at which it was resolved that those present pledged themselves to use all exertions for the dissolution of every lodge in the state.

The trustees of New York, have petitioned the board of Aldermen of that city, for permission to treat the interior grounds of the New York and Philadelphia engines by a public trial.

The Natchnitches Advertiser wants the young men of that place to refrain from fighting duels, at least for one day in the week, for the purpose of giving an opportunity for the ladies to pray.

The Lake Ontario steamboat "Kingston" lately encountered a quantity of ice and was sunk.

Dennis Gordon of Millerstown, has been convicted of the murder of John Manson.

The correspondent of the United States' Magazine at Boston has been united with the New England Magazine, under the editorial charge of Park Benjamin, Esq.

The President's Loss.—We have had the pleasure of an interview with a man from the Hermitage, in relation to the loss of General Jackson. The royal animal is an appropriate present. He is the largest specimen of the kind ever seen in this country, and exhibits the jealousy of his prerogative which distinguishes great sovereigns. He is royalty itself. The slightest approach to his cage, throws his huge jaws through the bars with a fierceness which would be fatal to the unlucky dog." In the present case for instance, the pet of the President's will be found secured only to the *Mammoth* of the menagerie. The loss is, of course, limited. It will be exhibited shortly.

It is rumored by some, that if the Senate should refuse to authorize the reprisals against France, that the President will convoke the new Congress, soon after the 4th of March.

The Albany Daily Advertiser says, that the people of the state of New York, are resolved to abolish all bank notes of a less denomination than five dollars.

The navigation of Lake Erie continued open at the last dates. The New York canal was still open at Rochester. It is calculated that after the last ice rends have been brought to New York, that a person will be able to go from New York city to Chicago, in ten days less days.

There are 300 of the followers of Don Carlos in Portsmouth. They are represented as destitute, and two full of Castilian pride to beg even the meanest assistance. It is stated that some of them have actually so yet.

It seems that legislation is an expensive affair in England. The Parliamentary costs of passing the Act for the Southampton Railway, appear, by a published account, to have amounted to nearly £9,000.

Power the representative of comic Irish character, is playing at Charleston, (S. C.)

Of shares U. S. Bank stock were sold in N. York on Tuesday, at 109½.

Dan Rice is about to marry a daughter of the Duke of Modena.

A new novel is about to appear from the London press from the pen of Miss Landon, (or L. E. L.)

Mr. Avery—We understand that there is no foundation for the assertion published in the Pittsburgh Republican, that Mr. Avery had made a confession of guilt in the affair of Sarah Maria Cornell.

The bill introduced by Samuel R. Wood, warden of the Eastern Penitentiary, set out lately for Harrisburg, in order to procure its passage. The bill has been introduced into the Governor's Message against the Managers and Officers of that establishment.

Cotton is declining in Liverpool and New York, from Orleans $20,000, and by the Helen Mar, from Orleans, $134,000—total $154,000.

The Presbytery of New Brunswick met on the 25th ult. in Mount Holly, (N. J.) and ordained Mr. John Pain to the ministry.

Proper punishment, but not enough of it.—A man was lately convicted before the Circuit Court in Macon county, Illinois, of a libel on a young lady, and sentenced to a fine of twenty-five dollars, and six months imprisonment in the county gaol.

Fire at Poughkeepsie.—A fire broke out at Poughkeepsie, on the 25th ult. in the machine shop and sixteen engine houses of Mr. Parmelee, which building as well as contents was totally destroyed. Loss about $3000, and no insurance.

The Treasury Report announces that the National Debt of the United States, which at one time amounted to more than 120,000,000 dollars, will be totally extinguished on the 1st of next month.

A fund, appropriated the other evening, to say that the plan of raising coals and cloaks suggested by our neighbors of the Philadelphia Inquirer, rise by 1s. 6d. per ton, and every ton of coal raised above 4s. 2d. per ton, shall be paid to the Queen, and enquired *by* him; and which took a fine look' coal and cleaned out.—*U. S. Gaz.*

COPY OF M'ADAM ROADS.—Before a late Committee of the House of Lords was given in evidence by an eminent London paper, that a macadamized or broken-stone road requires for keeping in repair the first year and every year afterwards, 250 tons per mile, three inches thick, to allow for wear; and the estimate of cost is 7s. 6d. the first season, and the annual repairings at 1s. 8d. each per yard; for 10 years, 8s. 4d—which is £9. 0s. 10d. per yard.

The 4 months ship between N. York and Providence is raised to 89 during the remainder of the season. The Rhode Island, Capt. Brown, commences the line for repairs, and will not resume her place till spring. Of course there are one or two days in each week when no ship sails. The advertising on the line are the Boston, President, and Franklin.—*Journal of Com.*

The libel suit instituted by Mr. Lewis Tappen against the New York Commercial Advertiser, has been withdrawn—the plaintiff paying the costs.

The state apartments in Dublin Castle have received a very expensive addition in the form of a Throne Room, and St. Patrick's Hall has been considerably improved.

By the honor of some of the leading journals, it is to be inferred, that Lord Brougham has gone over to the ministry. Hill, instructing the Judicial Committee to bring in a bill for the entire abolition of capital punishment. It was read a first time for the 12th of January next.

It is supposed that there will be some objection to the incorporation of those old Banks which are about to expire, and the policy of establishing new Banks in the localities will be strongly urged.

By the report of the canal Commissioners it appears that there must be a loan of one million of dollars will yet be required to complete the public improvements including Locomotives, &c. on the Columbia rail-road.

Fashion.—The season is large animals, particularly when it is recollected that the appropriation made at the last session of Congress according to the estimates of the proper officers, sufficient to complete the works.

A joint committee consisting of five members from each house has been appointed to investigate the charges made against the Board of Inspectors of those having the Eastern Penitentiary under their superintendence. They have obtained permission to conduct their investigations in Philadelphia, and probably will be there in the course of a week or two. The character of the counsels are high, and no doubt the investigation will be interesting, whatever may be the result.

A petition has been presented in the Senate, signed by citizens of Schuylkill county, asking that a road may be laid out from the west side of the Schuylkill river, on a level with Fairmount dam, to some point below the city.

DREADFUL TRAGEDY.

A great sensation was produced in Southwark, on Thursday evening, in consequence of the death of two individuals under circumstances of the most melancholy character—a young man and a young woman, formerly married to each other, it would be seen, but between whom a quarrel had lately taken place, which led to the fatal event we are about to relate. It is stated that the lady and the female was found, late in the afternoon, in the room of a house in Shippen street, between Front and Second streets, perfectly lifeless, and with the throat cut from ear to ear. Within a few feet of the corpse lay a razor, the last agonies of death, and with his throat also cut in a similar manner. He died shortly after the arrival of the coroner. A case knife was found on the floor between them. Both parties were quite young.

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. MILNOR.

The Rev. Dr. Milnor, rector of St. George's Church, New York, died on Thursday morning, after a short illness. He was born in Philadelphia, and was in the 63d

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

The Duel between a Barber and a Cooper.

A duel took place between Joe Hose
The barber, and Bob Cooper,
The same in trade and name; in bone
And heart full tr[illegible] trooper.

The barber [illegible],
[illegible]
And men with deadly oath and blows
[illegible] engage.

[illegible]
[illegible]
Joe, on his [illegible],
And [illegible] his chaps.

Bob [illegible] upon his [illegible],
And gave him a [illegible]
[illegible]
The [illegible] of the [illegible].

[illegible]

SONG FOR ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

Air—"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

By Robert Campbell Maywood.

Let joy light up St. Andrew's day,
It cheers the heart when far away,
Frae groen glen and heather brae,
Sae whistle o'er the lave o't.

Around them let kind feelings pass,
And drown our cares deep in the glass,
Or leave them to ilk dotted ass,
We'll whistle o'er lave o't.

We're sincere a', but we're a sest,
Will skelp the deep o' dool and want,
Then drink my lads, let's hae a rant,
And whistle o'er the lave o't.

Then did may tak the wylie cheels
Wad gar puir mortals coup the creels,
Wi' routh o' thistlers at their heels,
We'll whistle o'er the lave o't.

May nae mischanter be our lot,
Nor lang syne pleasures e'er forgot,
We're brithers met to birl our groat,
And whistle o'er the lave o't.

St. Andrew's sons, baith ane an a',
Let's toom the bicker till we fa',
And sing as lang's the pipe will blaw,
And whistle o'er the lave o't.

Here's bonnie Scotland, to the brim,
And deil ride rough shod over him,
That wadna for her sink or swim,
And whistle o'er the lave o't.

Our mother dear, wi' a' her charms,
Her name we bless, we'll twine our arms
And guard her honor 'midst alarms,
And whistle o'er the lave o't.

We'll no forget the lasses kind,
Let's toast their beauty and their mind,
To a' that's here and a' behind,
We'll whistle o'er the lave o't.

They cheer the path, they sweeten life,
Then here's to ilka maid and wife,
May a' their hearts wi' joy be rife,
We'll whistle o'er the lave o't.

An noo I've done, my hevers pass,
May this day be as blythe's the last,
While cozey, spite o' winter's blast,
We'll whistle o'er the lave o't.

Gie mirth the hour that ne'er returns,
And raise auld Scotia's spell by turns,
We've *magic Scott* and witching *Burns*,
Sae whistle o'er the lave o't.

THE YELLOW DOMINO

In the latter part of the reign of Louis XV. of France, the masquerade was an entertainment high in estimation, and was often given at an immense cost on court days and such occasions of rejoicings. As persons of all ranks might gain admission to these spectacles, provided they could afford the previous of the ticket, very strange rencontres frequently took place at them, and exhibitions almost as curious in the way of disguise or assumption of character. But perhaps the most whimsical among the genuine surprises recorded at any of these spectacles, was that which occurred in Paris 15th of October, on the day when the dauphin [illegible]

[illegible]

NEW DEFINITIONS TO OLD WORDS.

[illegible]

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

CHAPTER OF YOUNG MEN.

Alexander, of Macedon, extended his power over Greece, conquered Egypt, rebuilt Alexandria, overran all Asia, and died at 33 years of age.

Hannibal, was but 25, when, after the fall of his father, Hamilcar, and Asdrubal, his successor, he was chosen commander in chief of the Carthagenian army. At 27, he captured Saguntum from the Romans. Before he was 34, he carried his arms from Africa into Italy, conquered Publius Scipio on the banks of the Ticinus, routed Sempronius near the Trebia, defeated Flaminius on his approach to the Appenines, laid waste the whole country; defeated Fabius Maximus and Varro, marched into Capua, and at the age of 36 was thundering at the gates of Rome.

Scipio Africanus was scarcely 16 when he took an active part in the battle of Cannæ, and saved the life of his father. The wreck of the Roman cavalry chose him [illegible] and he conducted them back to the capital. Soon after he was 20, he was appointed pro-consul of Spain, where he took New Carthage by storm. He soon after defeated, successively, Asdrubal, (Hannibal's brother,) Mago, and Hann; crossed into Africa, negotiated with Syphax, the Massynian king, returned to Spain, quelled the insurrection there, drove the Carthagenians wholly from the peninsula, returned to Rome, devised the diversion against the Carthagenians by carrying the war into Africa, was appointed pro-consul of Africa, crossed thither, destroyed the army of Syphax, compelled the return of Hannibal, and defeated Asdrubal a second time.

Charlemagne was crowned King of the Franks before he was 26. At the age of 28 he had conquered Aquitania, and at 29 he made himself master of the whole German and French empires.

Charles XII., of Sweden, was declared of age by the States, and succeeded his father, at the age of 15. At 18, he headed the expedition against the Danes, whom he checked; and, with a fourth of their numbers, he cut to pieces the Russian army, commanded by the Czar Peter, at Narva—crossed the Dwina, gained a victory over the Saxons, and carried his arms into Poland. At 20, he had conquered Poland and dictated to her a new sovereign. At 24, he had subdued Saxony; and at 27 he was conducting his victorious troops into the heart of Russia, when a severe wound prevented his taking command in person, and resulted in his overthrow and subsequent treacherous captivity in Turkey.

Lafayette was a major general in the American army at the age of 19; was but 20 when he was wounded at Brandywine; but 22 when he raised supplies for his army, on his own credit, at Baltimore; and but 23 when raised to the office of commander-in-chief of the national guards of France.

Napoleon Bonaparte commenced his military career as an officer of artillery, at the age of 17. At 24 he successfully commanded the artillery at the siege of Toulon. His splendid and victorious campaign in Italy was performed at the age of 27. During the next year, when he was about 28, he gained battle after battle over the Austrians in Italy, conquered Mantua, carried the war into Austria, ravaged the Tyrol, concluded an advantageous peace, took possession of the Milan and the Venitian republic, revolutionized Genoa, and formed the Cisalpine republic. At the age of 29 he received the command of the army against Egypt; scattered the chiefs of Mameluke cavalry [illegible]

[illegible]

RURAL ECONOMIST.

Health and Cleanliness.

Farmer's Work.—Be so good as to see that every deposit of unhealthy and contagious matter in, upon and about your premises is removed, or so disposed of as to become food for your plants instead of the cause of disease to yourself and family. Life without health is scarcely to be desired. Indeed, the valetudinarian rather lingers than lives—his existence is a burthen to himself, and an annoyance to his friends. The chief requisites for health are exercise, tranquility of mind, good air, wholesome diet, good water and temperance in all things. If the husbandman farmer is not provided with all these, it is usually his own fault. Some drones, however, who undertake to *live* by farming, but are most likely to *die* by indolence, carelessness and inattention to their own important interests, contrive to provide for themselves and families an atmosphere, which would "*all but*" poison a crow or a toad, much more a human being:

"Thus, as the ancient poets learn us,
The crows, which flew o'er lake Avernus,
Were so bestenched in one half minute
They giddy grew and tumbled in it."

If it is indelicate and unwholesome to take into the stomach water or food, poisoned with putrescence, what is to take into the lungs the gases generated by putrefaction? Yet some farmers' barn yards, cellars, hog-pens, back houses, &c. are suffered to remain, during the summer months in such a state that if they do not generate cholera or typhus fever, in their worst forms, which we fear is too frequently the case, they at least cause a degree of languor and debility, which embitters existence, and in a great measure disqualifies for any of the useful purposes of life.

"Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss,
How tasteless then whatever can be given,
Health is the vital principle of bliss."

The unhealthiness of the exhalation to which we allude is not the only argument against suffering them to go at large to poison as well as to "manure the atmosphere." It is a fact that the vapor or gases which emanate from decomposing animal and vegetable substances, which are so injurious to health in animals, are food for plants. The substances which offend the senses and injure the constitution of the farmer and his family, if arrested and properly appropriated by the hand of skilful industry, "may be so modified in the great laboratory of nature as to greet us in the fragrance of the flower, regale us in the plum or nectarine, or furnish the stamina of life in substantial viands from the garden, the field, and the stall of the cultivator."

But how is the desirable object of converting poison for animals into food for vegetables to be effected? We cannot better answer this important inquiry than by quoting a passage from "*Letters of Agricola*," attributed to John Young, Esq. of Nova Scotia:

"Earth is a powerful absorber of all the gases which arise from putrefaction. The earth possesses not only the property of retaining the putrid steams, which are formed from the dung of decomposing bodies within itself, but also of attracting the effluvia when floating in the air. The salubrity of a country depends on the latter quality; as the practice of burying the dung in the earth is founded on the former. The stench [illegible]

[illegible]

The Gatherer.

[illegible]

Circular.

EUSTIS PRESCOTT, Commission Merchant, No. 90 Pearl street, New York, [illegible] C. N. S. Rowland, 30 South [illegible] and Messrs. Palmer, [illegible] & Co. 90 Pearl street.

TO MERCHANTS AND OTHERS.

[illegible]

All orders for purchases, should describe the goods with as much accuracy as possible, and the range of prices; and if required to be made on credit, sufficient evidence of the responsibility of the parties forwarded, should they not be already known in the city. Orders should also be accompanied by a draft for the probable amount of charges, and such small articles as would be necessarily obtained for money.

In addition to the execution of orders, the undersigned will assist merchants from abroad in their purchases and sales, for which a Brokerage only will be charged.

Reference to the most respectable houses in different sections of the country will be furnished, if requested, and all letters of inquiry, promptly answered, if addressed (post paid) to

EUSTIS PRESCOTT.

New York, Oct. 1, 1834. nov 29—3t

Wetherill & Brothers,

NO. 65 North Front street, Druggists, Chemists and Colour Merchants, manufacturers of

White Lead,	Calomel,
Red Lead,	Aqua Fortis,
Litharge,	Muriatic Acid,
Orange Mineral,	Ether,
Chrome Yellow,	Spts. Nitre, dulcis,
Rochelle Salt,	Water of Ammonia,
Blue Vitriol,	Carbonate of Soda,
White Vitriol,	Sulph. Quinine,
Sugar Lead,	Corros. Sublimate,
Alcohol,	Copperas,
Red Precipitate,	Sal. Epsom,
White Precipitate,	Sal. Glauber,

Dealers in Dye Woods and Window Glass. Refiners of Camphor, Borax, Saltpetre, &c. aug 17 '33—tf

MARSHALL'S Concentrated Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla,

FOR THE CURE OF

Obstinate Eruptions of the Skin,	Scaly Eruptions,
Pimples or Pustules on the Face,	Pains in the Bones,
Biles which arise from an impure habit of body,	Rheumatism, Tetter,
	Scrofula or King's Evil,
	White Swellings,
	Syphilitic Symptoms,

And all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood, produced either by a long residence in a hot and unhealthy climate, the injudicious use of mercury, &c.

THIS very convenient and active Syrup, is with confidence offered to the Medical Faculty, and to the public, as possessing, in an eminent degree, all the virtues of Sarsaparilla, being prepared by a new and improved process, which extracts all the active matter of the root. [illegible]

French Dress Making.

[illegible]

Wholesale and Retail Bedding WARE-HOUSE, corner of 4th and Vine Sts.

[illegible]

To the Ladies.

[illegible]

Pennsylvania Manufactory and Agricultural Warehouse, No. 213 Market Street, Philadelphia.

[illegible]

Life! Life! Life!

All that a Man hath he will give for his Life.

[illegible]

Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.

[illegible]

For Sale.

ONE or two new two story Brick Houses, well built, in the modern style, two rooms on a floor, folding doors, marble mantels, &c.

Terms will be made easy, and, if required, one half the purchase will be taken in Bricks or Lumber. Inquire at No 7 North street, above Tenth street. oct 4—tf

Daniel Frowert,

CUTLER, Surgical Instrument and Elastic Truss manufacturer. Also, Gum Elastic Pad Trusses, &c.

At No. 70 North Fourth street, near Race street, Philadelphia. sept 5—3m*

Druggists' Ware and Vials.

A FULL assortment of Druggists' Ware and Vials, kept constantly on hand and for sale by

HARLAN & SIDDALL,
sep 7—tf Corner of 5th and Minor streets.

Fire Proof Doors.

FOR sale, a pair of strong fire proof doors, in good condition. Will be sold low. Apply at the office of the Saturday Evening Post, No. 36 Carter's Alley. sep 14—

African Cayenne.

A SMALL invoice of African Cayenne, just received and for sale by HARLAN & SIDDALL,
sep 7—tf Chemists and wholesale druggists, 10 S. 5th st.

A Ramage Printing Press.

FOR sale, a good Ramage Printing Press, with iron Bed. Apply at the office of the Saturday Evening Post, No. 36 Carter's Alley. Price 85 dollars. nov 9—tf

Castor Oil

OF a superior quality, put up in quart, pint and half pint bottles, for family use. For sale by

HARLAN & SIDDALL,
sep 7—tf Corner of 5th and Minor streets.

R. S. Gilbert,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD

Canton Buildings, South Eighth street, below Chesnut, east side, Philadelphia.

[Entrance first door below Chesnut.] feb 8—tf*

Pugh Madeira,

SURGICAL INSTRUMENT AND ELASTIC TRUSS Maker, has removed from North Third street, to 22 South Seventh street, four doors above Chesnut, Philadelphia.

N. B.—On hand, an elegant assortment of Dissecting Instruments, which he will dispose of on the most reasonable terms. mar 16 '33—tf

To the Public.

JUST received from the New York, auction stores, and for sale at No. 2?8 Market street, above Eighth, south side, [illegible]

N. B.—Country merchants will please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, being as the above will be sold very low. Don't mistake the number, being it is a chance for bargains. No. 278 Market street. sep 27—3m*

Cure for the Rheumatism.

DEAN'S RHEUMATIC PILLS are an effectual remedy for the Rheumatism, and all similar diseases, such as Gout, Cramp, Spasms, Numbness, &c.—They have been extensively [illegible]

Entrance Reformer, Or, Angular Brush and Scrapers.

[illegible]

Cheap Books and Stationery.

[illegible]

Canton House,

39 South Eighth, 3d door below Chesnut street.

[illegible]

Important to Farmers. IMPROVED STRAW CUTTER.

[illegible]

Notice.

[illegible]

To the Ladies.

[illegible]

Farm for Sale.

[illegible]

Notice.

[illegible]

RANDALL & CHAMBERS, Coal Grate MANUFACTURERS,

[illegible]

[illegible]

James Fife & Son,

[illegible]

John McAllister & Co.

McALLISTER.

At the old established Stand, No. 48 Chesnut st. two doors above Second street, Sign of Franklin's Head,

[illegible]

SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS.

[illegible]

French Millinery

And Fancy Dress Making Establishment.

[illegible]

Patent Gum Elastic Boots & Shoes.

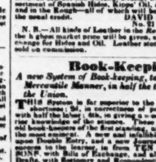
[illegible]

Jacob Sennett,

Brass, Steel, Cane & Reed Manufacturer, No. 165 North Second Street,

[illegible]

Removal.—R. & W. Wilson,



[illegible]

Patent Straw Cutters.

[illegible]

SPANISH HIDES AND OIL. Notice.

[illegible]

Book-Keeping.

A new System of Book-keeping, taught in a superior Mercantile Manner, in the shortest time in the Union.

[illegible]

Exchange Office.

[illegible]

Needles.

[illegible]